

MAY 14, 1984

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TIME

NICARAGUA
The Troubled
Sandinistas



SHIRLEY MACLAINE

**Getting
Her Kicks
At 50**



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COVER: Shirley MacLaine celebrates 60 the best year of her many lives

Oscar winner, bestselling author, Broadway star who is playing to record-breaking business in her current one-woman show, MacLaine at 50 is getting her kicks in high style. Lean, fit and fearless, she intends to keep right on her unpredictable course by searching for truth, "unsettling my life when most others are settling down." See **SHOW BUSINESS**.



NATION: Walter Mondale closes in 16 on the Democratic prize

After eyes from Texas and Tennessee, Mondale aims for a pre-convention knockout. ▶ President Reagan skillfully blends politics and diplomacy in China. ▶ Coming to grips with the "crumbling" black family. ▶ Was an Air Force general flying a Soviet MiG before he died? ▶ Getting the Olympic flame from Greece to the U.S. is a tricky business. ▶ A make-over for Miss Liberty.



WORLD: Beset by problems, the rulers 30 of Nicaragua struggle to stay on top

Plagued by U.S.-backed *contras* on their borders, challenged by bishops and angry mothers at home, the Sandinistas, who have run the country since 1979, are trying to keep the fires of their leftist revolution from flickering out. ▶ The U.S. is accused of meddling in El Salvador's presidential election. ▶ Poland's May Day surprise. ▶ Unrest in Colonel Gaddafi's Libya.



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Pope John Paul II visits South Korea, where both Protestant and Catholic churches are gaining members as well as influence.

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Robert Redford scores a clean hit as *The Natural*, but the film as a whole fails to capture the mythic grace of the novel.

78 Art
After a \$55 million facelift, the Museum of Modern Art reopens with its space doubled and its collection strikingly reorganized.

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Cover:
Photograph by Gordon Munro



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A Letter from the Publisher

Senior Reporter-Researcher Elaine Dutka, who interviewed Shirley MacLaine for this week's cover story, did not originally envision herself in the role of a chronicler of show business. With a master's degree from the Columbia School of Journalism, a background in writing on social issues and 1½ years working in TIME's NATION section, she felt a bit chary when first assigned to the entertainment world. As she recalls, "The thought of getting paid to go to plays and movies was attractive, but I had little grasp of the field. I soon discovered that show business is a business like any other; I learned, among other things, about grosses, film rentals and calculating break-even points. Covering rehearsals for *Cats* and *La Cage aux Folles* gave me other insights and an insider's appreciation for the sweat and hopes channeled into every Broadway opening. I also learned the price tag for attending film screenings: no matter how bad the film, everyone must stay till the bitter end."

Dutka has collected some show business memories: "Cats Director Trevor Nunn giving me a mesmerizing reading of T.S. Eliot's 'Grizabella, the Glamour Cat'; Paul Newman letting me take a rare close look at his souped-up Volkswagen; South African Playwright Athol Fugard sitting in the Algonquin Hotel lobby and analyzing the tragedy of apartheid; Robert Redford



MacLaine and Dutka: taking communication seriously

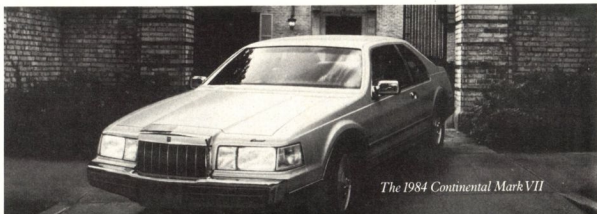
asking for my opinions on President Reagan, the press and living in New York City before launching into a discussion of directing in Hollywood."

Dutka interviewed MacLaine at the actress's rambling duplex apartment on Manhattan's East Side. "Because she is so committed to self-knowledge, a talk with her is almost like participating in a therapy session," says Dutka.

Los Angeles Correspondent Denise Worrell interviewed many of those who worked with MacLaine on *Terms of Endearment*, including Director James Brooks and Co-Stars Jack Nicholson

and Debra Winger. Associate Editor William A. Henry III, who wrote the cover story and talked with both MacLaine and her brother, Warren Beatty, was particularly struck by MacLaine's earnestness. Says he: "She never sloughs off a question. She really takes the process of communication very seriously." After attending a cover photo session, Henry was even more impressed by MacLaine's discipline. Says he: "She was to do a high kick, sometimes while turning and flipping a hat off her head. I counted, and she did it perfectly—47 times." One of the 47, happily, graces TIME's cover this week.

John A. Meyers



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Chariot of fire?

Yes.

You don't think life in one of these is compatible with the fiery spirit of world-class athletics? Think again. And while you do, meet some mind-over-matter athletes:

- **Charlie Reid** is a 24-year-old weight lifter from Brooklyn, N.Y. He's set a national record of 480 pounds in the bench press and is shooting for 500 now. Charlie has cerebral palsy.
- **Janet Rowley**, 24, of Saugus, Mass., has three gold medals already. To perform as a high jumper, shot-putter and thrower of the javelin and discus, she relies on senses other than vision, since she's legally blind.
- **Trischa Zorn** of Mission Viejo, Calif., also is blind, but that hasn't kept the 20-year-old swimmer from recording an impressive 100-meter butterfly time of 1:10.87.
- **Canadian Arnie Boldt** lost his right leg above the knee in a farm accident when he was three years old. Now, at 26, he often competes against able-bodied athletes. Hopping through the five-step approach to the high jump, he's cleared nearly 6'11". No one—**one-legged or two**—broke seven feet until 1956.

These athletes will all be competing in Nassau County, N.Y., right outside New York City, along with 1,800 others from 54 nations in the 1984 International Games for the Disabled, June 16-30. Since America is host for the first time, our welcome ought to be as outstanding as these athletes: For whether they're amputees or in wheelchairs, blind or disabled by cerebral palsy or other conditions, all of these competitors are indeed world-class athletes.

In fact, there's no reason disabled people can't do most sports. So besides weight lifting, track and field, and swimming, these Games will include wrestling, table tennis, archery, rifle/pistol shooting, cycling, horseback riding and more, including wheelchair versions of soccer and basketball. Competitors are divided up according to the kind and degree of disability. But all are alike in needing no sympathy, but more public support—**now**.

Just to feed and house these athletes will cost \$1 million, a welcome-to-America budget you (or your company, club, or any other group) can share through the Games' "Sponsor An Athlete" program. You can even pick the nationality, from Algeria to Zimbabwe with 50 or so others in between (and pick up a tax deduction, of course). So tear out this address now and join us and other organizations in lending support: The 1984 International Games for the Disabled, Eisenhower Park, East Meadow, New York 11554. Or call (516) 222-2121 for more information.

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Letters

Mining Harbors

To the Editors:

The mining of Nicaraguan ports [NATION, April 23] is just another example of the Reagan Administration's selective morality. We must think twice before we support the Nicaraguan *contras* and condemn the Salvadoran rebels. Both groups are fighting for representation in the governments of their respective countries. The difference is that one wears the mask of Communism, and the other wears the mask of democracy.

Daniel Bouvier
Chestnut Hill, Mass.



The primary goal of the Nicaraguan government is to secure freedom for its people after centuries of domination and exploitation. Why not tell about the good things happening in that country under the Sandinistas, such as increased literacy, improved health care, and housing and land redistribution?

Louisa C. Whitlock
Bernardsville, N.J.

The fact that the wounds of the ten sailors who were "seriously injured" by the mines laid inside Nicaragua's harbors would "hardly be noticed in a declared war" does little to alleviate their suffering. Mines maim and kill in wars, declared or undeclared, whether used by peace-seeking or warmongering nations.

Stanley A. Werner Jr.
Glens Falls, N.Y.

Only an outlaw government would mine the harbors of a foreign nation.

Norman Lewis
Lake George, N.Y.

The Reagan Administration's refusal to accept international legal jurisdiction over U.S. actions in Central America is an outrageous act that strongly contradicts the President's ethic of law-and-order.

Bill Wickersham, Executive Director
World Federalist Association
Washington, D.C.

The Nicaraguan *contras* are hardly idealists to be admired. Most seek only to regain the power they wielded during the Somoza dictatorship. That regime masqueraded as a democracy just to retain U.S. support, while suppressing the very freedoms we now demand that the Sandinistas introduce.

Richard A. Buffum
Arlington, Va.

Child Abuse

I have never been so angered as I was after reading your report of the sadistic and abominable treatment inflicted upon the youngsters who attended the McMartin School in California [BEHAVIOR, April 23]. Although I am not in favor of the death penalty, I think death must be the only acceptable punishment for so heinous a crime.

Ilene A. Kasson
Danbury, Conn.

Your writer John Leo says that "in the incestuous family the mother has often deserted the father sexually and the child emotionally." Again the woman is to blame. Leo suggests that a man "sexually deserted" by his wife automatically turns to child molestation. Horsefeathers! No man would become a child molester if he was not already sexually perverted. No doubt there was a good reason why the mother deserted the father sexually.

Peggy Soric
Springfield, Mo.

I fear that the alarming rise in cases of sexual abuse of children will continue as more and more parents relegate the care of their youngsters to institutions and strangers in order to pursue their personal and professional goals. It is time for many couples to question whether they should bring children into an increasingly predatory world. Contemporary life-styles and careers often do not afford parents the time or energy to give basic care to the very young or to monitor it carefully.

May C. Greiner
Wellesley, Mass.

Oversensitivity

Your penetrating article about society's touchiness [ESSAY, April 23] pinpoints how lobbyists attempt to substitute unrealistic, idealized images of their clients, whether they be the elderly, ethnics, gays or whatever. To the list you cited you might have added two more: the use of the word "special" to describe children with mental or emotional problems. What does that make the rest of the world's youth? Ordinary? The other is the reference to the physically handicapped as the "physically challenged." Are we to believe that the physically able never have to overcome obstacles in their lives?

Joann Blair
Tallmadge, Ohio

Your writer is the touchiest of all. His smug world of preppie crudities has been challenged, and he is annoyed that its victims are no longer "good sports." Nobody likes to be put down.

Robert Sealy
New York City

All of us at the Media Institute really enjoyed your Essay. We would have enjoyed it even more if your reference to us had been accurate. We think it will probably come as a surprise to Robert and Linda Licher to hear that they are anybody's "hired guns," let alone ours. And of course the Media Institute is most assuredly not a lobby of any kind. As for our being a "conservative, pro-business lobby," well, we do not know what that means, but then you do not either.

Patrick D. Maines, President
The Media Institute
Washington, D.C.

Merry Easter!

Your article on the improved mail delivery we now get [ECONOMY & BUSINESS, April 21] states that the Postal Service can handle 400 million pieces each day and that employee productivity has risen 43% since 1971. After I read those statistics, I decided maybe the post office is doing a good job. A week later, I received five Christmas cards and my 1983 year-end edition of TIME.

Irv Bernheim
Champaign, Ill.

Lamm Baste

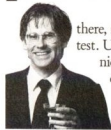
Even TIME's very thoughtful coverage of the "duty to die" controversy [MEDICINE, April 9] locks me into a statement I never made. I never said the elderly have a duty to die. I said, "We all have a duty to die." It was the Denver *Post* that changed the "we" to "you" and added the elderly and terminally ill, to whom I had not referred in my speech. The *Post* ran a correction later, after being confronted with its own transcript, but the damage had already been done, and the national news services (and TIME) carried the misquote. Is it possible for politicians to discuss serious subjects without risking even more serious misunderstandings?

Richard D. Lamm, Governor
State of Colorado
Denver

Physicians are being asked to walk a precarious tightrope as they attempt to meet the health-care needs of the elderly. Older people are justifiably frightened about modern medicine's ability to prolong life artificially. Considering the current medico-legal climate, there is frequently no alternative but to use such machines and devices even when it is against the physician's better judgment. Workable guidelines are needed to aid doctors as they try to achieve a balance between the concepts



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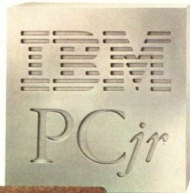
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Letters

of death with dignity and the prolongation of meaningful life. Colorado's Governor Lamm is to be commended for starting a dialogue on this important and sensitive issue.

*John G. West, M.D.
Orange, Calif.*

Governor Lamm is being unduly castigated for a perfectly reasonable remark. If we do not begin soon to make sense out of this problem, we will eventually come to a brave new world, where those who are 65 are put into a crematorium. And I speak as someone who is 70 years old with a husband who is 82. When I am called back to God, I do not want any bleeding heart saying I have to linger in the valley of the shadow of death for days or possibly months.

*Eva M. Hays
Bozeman, Mont.*

Praising Lamm for raising the issue of health care among the elderly is like congratulating Marie Antoinette ("Let them eat cake") for recognizing the problem of nutrition among the poor. Lamm has, however, made us aware of a grotesque public attitude, which turns children against aging parents, mothers and fathers against handicapped infants, and expectant mothers against unborn babies.

*Gregg L. Cunningham
Christian Research Associates
Denver*

Good for Governor Lamm. We must come to terms with the fact that there is a difference between prolonging life and prolonging dying.

*Elizabeth Holland, R.N.
Sacramento*

Mellowed Greer

I met Germaine Greer [BEHAVIOR, April 16] more than a decade ago, in her lustier days, at a women's conference in Brussels. She talked about phallic architecture and admired the young bellhops. "You know," she said, "when there are dirty old women just as there are dirty old men, we will have achieved liberation." I am sorry that she has cleaned up her act. Perhaps that comes with age, even to liberated women. But I hope that still more advanced age will give Greer some compassion for the elderly and will erase her romantic notions of the Third World. A woman who wears a chador or has undergone a clitoridectomy is no more liberated than her Western sister who acts in porn films or sells toothpaste on television.

*Joan Z. Shore
Paris*

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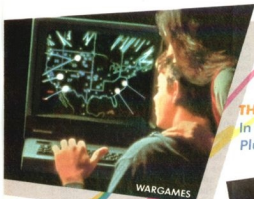
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American Scene

In Washington: Missionary

There were recruiters in Walla Walla, Wash., more than a century ago, long before it was Walla Walla. Missionaries, determined to sell the local heathens on Christianity, were the first white settlers between the Snake River and the Blue Mountains. Their mission, however, was a mixed success: after eleven years, the Indians massacred them. Soon the U.S. Cavalry came, built a fort and won the peace.

Fort Walla Walla is no more. A monument has replaced the doomed mission. But in the Eastgate Plaza shopping mall, just catercorner from Walla Walla's only De Lorean Motor Car



Sergeant Yasenak at his Walla Walla station

dealership, the Army has stationed its missionary. Sergeant First Class Patrick Yasenak is a recruiter, and he has done very well. In fact, the Pentagon brass have made it official that he is exemplary, perhaps the best among their 4,797 Regular Army proselytizers: a few weeks ago, in a ceremony at his Eastgate Plaza office on a sunny day as crisp as cold soda, Recruiter of the Year Pat Yasenak had a Meritorious Service Medal pinned to his chest.

Yasenak, 33, looks like the kind of neighborhood soldier Norman Rockwell painted. Although he is a former drill sergeant, as a recruiter he thinks it best not to insist or shove. Rather, his specialty is a kind of sober sweet talk about experience and cash bonuses and duty. Last year he persuaded 47 men and women to join the Army and Army Reserve, more than half again as many as his quota. "No," he corrects with deadpan good humor, "we

don't have quotas. We have missions." Over four years, he figures, he has signed up enough people to fill an infantry company. A smart company too: five of Yasenak's privates were college graduates, and his recruits tend to score better on their military entrance exams than the Army demands. But his new medal and his prize, a week for two in Hawaii, are not simply rewards for high body counts. After all, recruiters elsewhere have signed up many more. Army review boards in three cities probed and quizzed him about everything from nerve gas to NATO politics, and they decided that he was a great guy, their apotheosis. "I was shocked," Yasenak says.

His manner most of the time tends toward the bashful, tensed but not combative. He cannot afford to come on too strong. Many of his 60 working hours a week have been spent on the telephone trying to engage strangers—mumbly, uncertain teen-agers—in serious conversations about their lives. He has called hundreds of high school seniors in his two-county district, most of them Wa-Hi Blue Devils.

Sometimes they phone him, unsolicited. One morning late in March, his first call comes in before 9. "Army opportunities, Sergeant Yasenak. May I help you?" A young woman, looking for the number of the Navy recruiter. "Sure, sure, no problem." The next one, a bona fide Army prospect, is guided to the office by way of a teen-age landmark, Taco Time, about 150 yds. away. When Yasenak gets a local collect call, a regular thing, he looks knowing and amused: the Washington State Penitentiary is in Walla Walla, and inmates must reverse all phone charges. "The guy said, 'Take me, I'm yours!'" He will not.

Prospects pop up all over town. At Mr. Ed's drive-in, where Yasenak fills up his coffee jug late in the morning and then sits down for a warm, sweet butterhorn pastry, one of the waitresses, Julie Lynn Ratliff, makes an appointment to talk later.

Among the questions he asks, before getting down to more complicated business, are her weight (both he and she blush) and eye color. "Blue," she says. He looks up from his Army form for a fond moment. "I never argue with a lady about the color of her eyes." But it comes out that Ratliff, who is turning 19 as she sits in the recruitment office, did not finish high school. Female recruits must be graduates. "I have to send a lot of good people out the door because of that diploma," he tells her.

"He's nicer to the girls," teases Kevin Cooper after Ratliff has left Ya-

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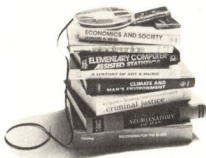
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American Scene

senak's office. Cooper, 18, enlisted in mid-March.

"Nicer? Oh, I probably am," concedes the sergeant. "But I'm not missioned to get a lot of women, so I don't go out of my way to get them." Yet his wife Linda swears that he eyes women on the street only to reckon their Army qualifications: a passing teen-ager looks to be about 5 ft. 4 in., 140 lbs.—a tad too chunky. "Guys, in essence, can be little butterballs," says Yasenak, who is perfectly lean.

"Army opportunities, Sergeant Yasenak. May I help you?" Just as he is leaving for lunch, a hot prospect rings up. With the phone cradled on one bony shoulder, Yasenak flips on a lamp and leans over his desk from the front, pulling out a file card as he says, "Sure, uh-huh—what time do you get home from work?" Within 90 seconds, tops, Yasenak has the youngster agreeing to take a 334-item aptitude test. "A little old gray-haired lady administers it," the sergeant says, "and you'll be asked questions about all kinds of strange things."

Yasenak acts like a charming older brother toward his signed-and-sealed recruits, by turns sardonic and heartfelt, especially with the ones who stay around town for some months between enlistment and basic training. They treat him like a favorite teacher, his office almost as a hangout. "He showed me all the sides to the Army, including the disadvantages," says Rhonda Clark, 18, a blond former cheerleader who will help operate a ground-to-air missile battery in Europe. She is just days away from basic training. "It's a little nerve-racking, like he said it would be. Going into a new society, I mean," she explains. "For most of basic, I won't see children or watch TV or hear music or even see animals." Cooper, however, does not confess any apprehension. He calls Yasenak "Yasenak," like a pal, and believes he knows what he's getting into. "He showed me videos of the different Army occupations I could take." A combat specialty does not appeal? "You can't really get a job, later in life, firing mortars."

Yasenak was a mortarman in Viet Nam. But, as he says, "not every mother wants her son to grow up to be John Wayne." Most of the sons and daughters want the Army to train them for civilian work. Some—but not all—seek adventure, which usually means a couple of years in West Germany or South Korea. "About half want to be stationed as close to home as possible," he says. "The other half don't care where they're sent as long as they get the hell out of Walla Walla."

Cooper's stepbrother and fellow enlistee, Jeff Dirks, puts himself in the rest-less half. He is a fan of wild, anarchic rock music. He says he "works with a lot of liberals" at Walla Walla's Left Bank restaurant, but he is an articulate believer in U.S. intervention abroad. With a score of 96% on the most important part of the ap-

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Many non-smokers are annoyed by cigarette smoke. This is a reality that's been with us for a long time.

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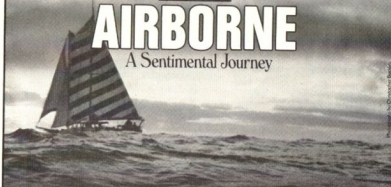
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titude test, he is also a great catch for Yasenak. "I don't spend time thinking about combat," says Dirks, who was in second grade when U.S. troops left Viet Nam. "But I'm ready to go." He glances at his recruiter. "I'm really interested in the situation in El Salvador."

Walla Walla (pop. 25,618) is a pretty insular place. "When I got here three years ago," Yasenak says, "I was told I wouldn't do well, that this was a Navy town." An I-told-them-so grin sneaks across his face. The Navy ("squids," he calls sailors) and the Air Force have offices on either side of his, both locked and empty one recent Monday. He denies any competitive ill will. "It doesn't amount to competition; in 1983 I took in more enlistments than all of the others combined." Yasenak despises big cities and their pace, but he has the salesman's instinct for hustling. Last year, he remembers, "I had a very qualified female from Columbia County, a farm girl. She said, 'I climb down off the combine at 10 p.m. Can you be at my house then?'" He was out at the wheat farm late that night. "Three weeks after that," he says, his tight grin again showing, "the girl enlisted."

He has done best in winter, when there is no work planting or harvesting. "I'm supposed to call a prospect back every three days, but if he tells me to bug off, it'll be months before I think of him again." Yasenak, pressed to "get production up," has continued in his chaplain-esque way instead. "I don't pull people off street corners." With three local colleges, the town has plenty of young people on corners. At Whitman College, there is an oddly generic poster in a dorm window—WRITE YOUR CONGRESSMAN ABOUT AN ENVIRONMENTAL ISSUE—that seems to typify Walla Walla's citizen earnestness. How a recruiter recruits, Yasenak explains, "all depends on the market you're working in." Patriotism is robust in Walla Walla, he says. But his young recruits are a little uncomfortable talking in such abstractions. "They may not say they're enlisting to serve their country. They talk around the question and mention the financial benefits," he says, reaching for the day's second pack of Marlboro Lights, "but I believe if we just gave them the chance to serve and nothing else, most of them would still enlist."

Starting this month, Yasenak will be working at his brigade headquarters near San Francisco. "I have mixed emotions," he says. He leaves proud that none of his volunteers have complained, including people the Army has booted out. His single major regret, it seems, is the gang of Palauans who got away. Palau is a Micronesian island administered by the U.S. The 20 attended college in town, and all of them were ready to join up. The Army said no. Remembering, Yasenak has a mischievous, rueful glint. He very much liked the idea of giving the Army 20 Palauan privates from Walla Walla, Wash. "That," he says, "might have deserved a medal."

—By Kurt Andersen

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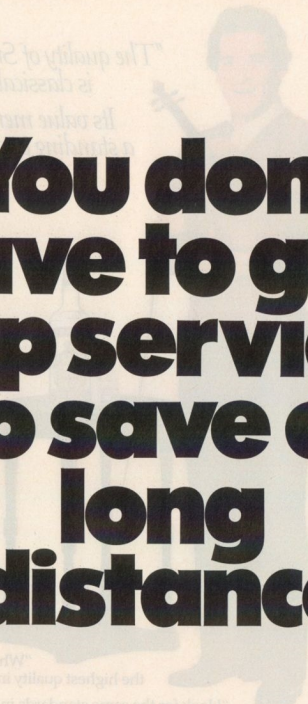
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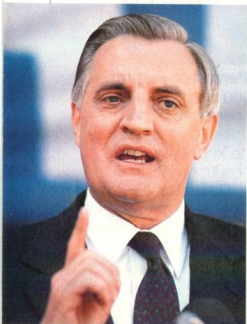
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After eyes from Texas and Tennessee, Mondale will be hard to catch



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the third largest bloc from any state, and even before it voted the former Vice President's lead was a daunting 1,212 delegates to Hart's 644. Hart is running out of time and states in which to pare it down. Hart did run slightly ahead of Mondale in Louisiana, which apportioned 57 of its total of 68 delegates in a primary Saturday, but it did him no good—because both ran far behind Jackson. The fiery preacher put on a stunning performance, inspiring blacks to vote at a rate about double that of whites. Final figures showed Jackson winning a thumping 42% of the vote, Hart 25%, Mondale 22%.

It was Jackson's second victory of the campaign—and the week—and by far the more significant. On Tuesday he took 67% of the vote in the Washington primary, but blacks constitute two-thirds of the capital's electorate, vs. only about a quarter of Louisiana's. Jackson evidently benefited from apathy and confusion among white Louisiana Democrats. Governor Edwin Edwards, miffed because a federal court ordered Louisiana to hold a primary rather than a caucus, urged a boycott of the polls; so many whites heeded his advice that the total turnout was only about 14% of those eligible.

Even so, the results demonstrated that Jackson's black supporters had not been discouraged by rising attacks on his association with demagogic supporter Louis Farrakhan, nor by a financial scandal involving a key figure in his national campaign. He looked more than ever like a force to be reckoned with at the San Francisco convention. Said Jackson: "The success of my campaign means that those who are poor must be focused on because they are making a difference in these elections."

But the real race is still between Mondale and Hart. Mondale's supporters were openly hoping that the weekend contests had set up the Colorado Senator for a knockout blow this week, when 411 delegates will be selected in five states. The biggest is Ohio, where 154 delegates are at stake in a primary on Tuesday, and it is exactly the kind of heavily unionized, high-unemployment state where Mondale has won his biggest victories. Even if Hart should score an upset, the odds against him would still be formidable. If Mondale wins, and runs strongly in Indiana, Maryland and North Carolina as well, his delegate count could surge close enough to the 1,967 needed to nominate that Hart's

chances would be all but foreclosed.

As last week began, the mood was somewhat different. Hart aides were hoping that Tennessee would be "a second New Hampshire," rekindling his campaign just as his surprise victory in the Granite State had ignited it. The Mondale camp was slightly apprehensive that its champion might have lost momentum during the three-week interval since the Pennsylvania primary. There was concern about the effect of Hart's charge that Mondale had played fast and loose with campaign-finance laws by having supposedly independent delegate committees accept and spend on his behalf donations that mostly came from labor political-ac-

Hitting the only sour note in Tennessee



PHOTO BY GUY

Confident favorite: A knockout this week?

CAMPAIGN



Davy Crockett once snarled at Tennessee voters who refused to reelect him to Congress: "You can go to hell, but I'm going to Texas."

Gary Hart was more polite last week, merely expressing disappointment over a bruising loss in the Tennessee Democratic primary before he, like Crockett, huffed off to Texas to try to rebuild his fortunes. But he wound up in the same place as ol' Davy: the Alamo.

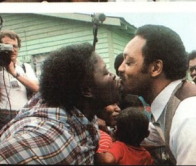
Only metaphorically, of course, and not quite so conclusively. Still, results from the Texas caucuses left Hart's hopes for the presidential nomination, as of early Sunday morning, barely flickering. In a contest limited to Democrats who had first voted in a primary for congressional and state offices on Saturday and then gave up their evening to attend the caucuses, Walter Mondale was leading Hart by 2-1, with the Rev. Jesse Jackson a distant third. Mondale claimed "a very strong victory" and said "it appears we have won 50% of the delegates, perhaps a few more." Texas eventually will send 200 delegates to the Democratic convention,

tion committees (PACs). Mondale has ordered the delegate committees to disband and pledged to give back about \$300,000 in PAC money, but Hart continued to hammer away at the subject all last week.

Tennessee Democrats seemed to pay little heed to the attacks when they went to the polls. Mondale won Tennessee by a comfortable 42% to 30%, and took 30 delegates to Hart's 20. It was a case of Mondale's superior organization turning out the vote in a state where only diehard Democrats, and not all of them, bothered to enter the voting booths. The 399,383 who cast ballots constituted just 16.5% of Tennessee's voters (who are not registered by party). Lamented Hart's state campaign chairman, Will Cheek: "We gave a primary and nobody came." Well, not exactly. Jackson did inspire a heavy turnout in black districts and took 23% of the statewide vote.

Hart began the week by stepping out of character. Flying into Houston on Sunday, the candidate, usually reserved and aloof, stretched out on the ground near a runway and chewed on a blade of grass. Hours later he led his entourage to Gilley's, the watering hole made famous by the movie *Urban Cowboy*. There he

Practicing outreach in Louisiana



knocked back a long-necked bottle of beer while having his boots shined, danced enthusiastically with four women and had to be dissuaded by his staff from trying a John Travolta-style ride on the mechanical bull. Apparently, Hart simply decided to give himself a night off from his usual self-contained behavior.

From then on, Hart was all business, but his campaign's attacks on Mondale looked increasingly desperate. A radio spot, allegedly paid for by an organization calling itself Americans with Hart and broadcast repeatedly in Spanish to South Texas, classed Mondale with "los enemigos" of John, Robert and Edward Kennedy, whom Hispanic voters revere. Mondale has never directly opposed a Kennedy for office, though he supported other candidates—Hubert Humphrey and Jimmy Carter—in presidential campaigns.

In a speech on the eve of the Tennessee primary, Hart took the huge risk of reminding voters about something most of his fellow Democrats devoutly wish they would forget: the impression of weakness and ineptitude left by what Hart called "the Carter-Mondale Administration." In particular, he said, "Carter-Mondale actually gave us an America held hostage to the ayatollahs of the world." Mondale replied that Iran had eventually returned all the hostages alive and that during the crisis Hart had failed to suggest any way that their release could have been secured earlier; by midweek Hart rather lamely asserted that he meant only to criticize the failure of the April 1980 rescue mission.

Hart did get in some better-aimed blows, but their effect was diluted by poor timing. In Dallas he lambasted Mondale for portraying himself in the North as a champion of regulating the oil and gas industries but in Texas as a fighter for deregulation. The charge was accurate, but it could not compete for attention with the publicity generated only hours later by a debate among Hart, Mondale and Jackson on TV.

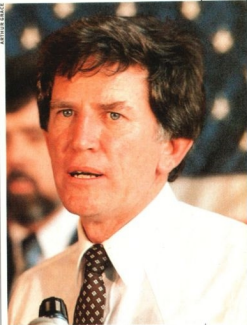
The debate focused on the issues of runoff primaries and immigration policy, and the candidates found little to disagree about. The liveliest moments came when Mondale and Hart rebuked Jackson for not repudiating Farrakhan, the black Muslim leader who made what sounded like a death threat against a black reporter. Mondale asserted that "what Farrakhan said was poison," and Hart wondered why the Muslim had not been subjected to criminal prosecution.* Jackson replied that he had "disassociated myself from the message but not from the messenger" and spoke in a preacher's tones of "forgiveness."

If Jackson had any doubts about how lame his reply sounded, they were speedily dispelled. Former Democratic National Committee Chairman Robert Strauss met with Jackson right after the debate and, with Mondale listening, told him sternly

*Dan Webb, U.S. Attorney in Chicago, said Friday that he had carefully reviewed Farrakhan's alleged threat and found "insufficient evidence of the requisite criminal intent" to sustain a prosecution.

that a continued refusal to disavow Farrakhan would hinder party efforts to work out a convention compromise on Jackson's platform demands. Said one Jackson aide: "It was the first time I've ever seen Jesse take guff from anybody." Jackson tried unsuccessfully to phone Farrakhan; it seemed likely that the candidate wanted to put more distance between himself and his raucous supporter.

Jackson also hinted at a softening of his demand that the party pledge itself to abolish the runoff primary system, which in



Hard-pressed rival: a convention brawl?

nine Southern states and Oklahoma requires a second primary if no candidate wins a majority in the first. Campaigning in Texas last week, he spoke of creating a "blue-ribbon commission" to study possible reforms in all electoral practices that pose barriers to black candidates and added, "I'm far more concerned about the principle of equity and parity than the strategy to achieve it." On Friday, Democratic National Committee Chairman Charles Manatt said he planned to form a "party unity task force" to settle disputes among the three candidates.

The Jackson entourage was rocked last week by a newspaper's charges that his national campaign coordinator, Arnold Pinkney, violated Ohio's conflict-of-interest laws. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* reported that Pinkney, who is secretary of the Cleveland-Cuyahoga County Port Authority, helped to negotiate a lease of warehouse space by the Authority to one of Pinkney's business partners; Pinkney's insurance agency then wrote \$21 million of insurance on the property, collecting commissions of \$40,000 to \$50,000.

A sign of Mondale's growing confidence was his decision to concentrate most of his fire last week on President Reagan.

Nation

Speaking to an audience largely composed of wives of Government workers in Rockville, Md., Mondale asserted that "anybody who ran a business by running down the people working for him would be considered an idiot," orating at a wilderness-style park in Dallas, he attacked Reagan for cutting back on federal funds to help states and localities acquire park land. In North Carolina, Mondale, who enjoys an occasional cigar, managed to defend federal warnings about the health dangers of cigarette smoking and, simultaneously, subsidies to tobacco farmers. People who puff despite the warnings, he declared, ought to have their cigarettes made from U.S.-grown rather than imported tobacco.

While Mondale had solid grounds for optimism, he will not necessarily be home free even if Tuesday's primaries in Ohio, Indiana, Maryland and North Carolina further pad his delegate lead. Hart strategists do have a last-resort scenario, one that hinges on a continued assault on Mondale's delegate committees and their PAC money. Hart is steadily accusing Mondale of treating the cash as an "interest-free loan" to be paid back only after all primaries and caucuses are over. Hart has filed a formal complaint with the Federal Election Commission that Mondale violated election-finance laws.

In the Hart scenario, the FEC issues a quick ruling against Mondale and on its strength Hart wins so big in the last contests—above all, California on June 5—that delegates now pledged to Mondale switch to the Coloradan. If that does not work, Hart aides hint that at the convention they might challenge the credentials of Mondale delegates elected with the help of the committees and PAC funds. Last week they were telling reporters that no fewer than 510 Mondale delegates are "tainted." Such "legal manipulation," charged Mondale, would "make a mockery of the primary system." It also would risk a party-splitting brawl on national TV that would get the campaign against Reagan off to a limping start, whoever won.

To make a plausible delegate challenge, Hart needed a win in Texas and one in either Tennessee or Louisiana, not only to get within hailing distance of a convention majority but also to back up his boast that he has a better chance than Mondale of beating Reagan. But after last week's rebuffs, Hart may have little chance of winning over the party faithful in San Francisco. On Thursday, when he left Texas to campaign in Ohio and Louisiana, it seemed more like a retreat than a strategy. Gibed Mondale: "He ought to stick around and get his delegates the old-fashioned way like I do—I earn them." As he closed in on the prize, Walter Mondale, once dismissed as lacking the fire and stamina for a presidential campaign, could make that claim with special pride. —By George J. Church. Reported by Sam Allis with Hart and David Beckwith with Mondale



Reagan, Chinese President Li Xiannian and Zhao after the signing ceremony exchange smiles

An Opening to the Middle Kingdom

Reagan skillfully blends politics and diplomacy in China

It was supposed to be an exhibition of capitalism at work, a marketplace near the ancient city of Xian where farmers and other vendors conduct business free of state control. It was in fact a contrivance, a Potemkin-like set where the customers were programmed not to begin buying until after the President and Mrs. Reagan arrived, and to cease as soon as their motorcade departed.

But no matter. Ronald Reagan is an old actor with a fine appreciation for the well-staged media event. By the time he left China last week after a successful six-day visit, Reagan was convinced that his Chinese hosts really were catching the "free-market spirit." So optimistic was he about the prospects for friendship and trade that in one ad lib he referred to the People's Republic as "so-called Communist China," a remarkably benign description coming from a once unrelenting cold warrior who used to call the P.R.C. "Red China." The turnaround is perhaps more Reagan's than China's, but there was little doubt that the governments of both nations have, in Reagan's words, "reached a new level of understanding."

For Reagan, the trip was superb political theater, a perfect antidote to his election-year vulnerabilities. For a solid week on the evening news, he appeared not as the bellicose ideologue who can somehow manage to sleep through crises, but rather as the pragmatic peacemaker who can travel half the globe with nary a yawn or a

stumble. Stopping over in Fairbanks, Alaska, on the return flight, he described his trip in terms that sounded suspiciously like a campaign speech. "My visit to China has convinced me that our future is bright," he told 500 community leaders packed into a local auditorium. "America is on the edge of a new era of peace, prosperity and commerce." Sounding a bit like the Great Helmsman, Reagan expansively predicted that Americans can "expect great leaps in their quality of life in the next century." Asked about the political dividends from his journey, Reagan replied: "I don't think it can hurt."

The President managed to turn the trip into a diplomatic double play. For 31 hours, he patiently waited in Fairbanks in order to cross paths with Pope John Paul II, whose plane was refueling there en route to South Korea (see WORLD). Posing with the Pontiff behind a lectern bearing the Presidential Seal, Reagan told a crowd of 5,000 standing in a cold drizzle that his trip to China had been a "long journey for peace." After the two leaders met privately in an airport lounge for 20 minutes, the Pope dropped Reagan off at Air Force One and returned to a runway podium for a brief liturgy. "He is a charming person," the Pontiff later told reporters, "and I am not disagreeable either." But some Vatican officials were irked that the Pope had been used as a political prop. Indeed, a camera crew from the Republican National Committee filmed the encounter, and it will no doubt



In Peking: Ronald Reagan slept here

turn up in television ads aimed at the 26 million Catholic voters in the U.S.

Politics aside, Reagan's trip had substantive diplomatic and economic consequences. The two nations took several practical steps to open up China to U.S. investors, including an agreement that will effectively exempt American corporations from paying U.S. income taxes on profits earned and already taxed in China. In the weeks ahead, a high-level Chinese mission will visit the U.S. to discuss trade and commerce, and Defense Minister Zhang Aiping will go to Washington to talk over military matters, including possible arms sales to the People's Republic of the U.S.

More significant, the U.S. and China reached an accord that would allow American companies to build nuclear power plants in China, an agreement that could be worth billions of dollars to the troubled U.S. nuclear industry. The deal had been three years in the making. The chief stumbling blocks were the Atomic Energy Act of 1954, and the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Act of 1978, which require foreign buyers to get Washington's permission before recycling any U.S.-provided nuclear fuel. Reprocessed fuel can be used to make weapons. The Chinese were reluctant to make any concessions that would impinge on their sovereignty, but finally agreed not to violate U.S. legal restrictions on reprocessing. The particulars have not been worked out, however, and the deal could be torpedoed in Congress, where sensitivity to nuclear proliferation is high. Nonetheless, the agreement showed flexibility by the Chinese, who were willing to let it be known publicly that they had made the final concession.

The trip was full of such encouraging portents. No longer did Chinese leaders talk of "dark clouds" over the Sino-American relationship. Instead, their language was conciliatory. In a final phone conversation before Reagan's departure, Chinese Premier Zhao Ziyang told him, "I think your visit has enhanced understanding and improved relations between our two countries."

White House aides are convinced that the present regime in China is genuinely pragmatic and sincere in its desire for modernization. Even when *de facto* Ruler Deng Xiaoping and Zhao criticized Reagan privately for U.S. policies in the Middle East and Central America, TIME Peking Bureau Chief David Aikman reported, they seemed more concerned about means than ends. The Chinese leaders tacitly approved of Reagan's steps to check the U.S.S.R. (including his arms buildup), but warned the President that he needed to be more artful in his dealings with the Soviets, who are skillful meddlers and propagandists in the Third World.

While wary of the Soviets, who have 52 divisions on their northern border, the Chinese made it clear that they wanted a neutral role with the superpowers. (The Soviet news agency TASS was apparently unconvinced; it rapped the Chinese for condoning Reagan's "militarist course.")



With 2,000-year-old terra cotta army in Xian

Reagan did his best to draw the Chinese closer, while acknowledging that he did not expect the "friendship" between the two countries to blossom into an "alliance." Chinese Communists are more to his liking than Soviet ones, Reagan said, because they are not "expansionist" and are willing to experiment with capitalism.

A self-described salesman, Reagan could not resist preaching the virtues of democracy to his Chinese audiences. At Fudan University, he sounded like a solicitous parent: "I draw your attention to what I am about to say," he told 500 students, who sat rapt and serious, "because it is so important to an understanding of my country. We believe in the dignity of each man, woman and child." Then he quoted from the Declaration of Independence. Reagan, who had earlier visited the excavation site of the vast terra cotta army protecting the tomb of the Emperor Qin, warned that the two nations must

"escape the fate of the buried armies of Xian—the buried warriors who stood for centuries frozen in time, frozen in unknowing enmity." The Fudan students, most of whom understood English, interrupted his speech nine times with applause. At the end, Reagan, his actor's head bobbing, clapped back. He told the students, "I just go home with a dream in my heart that we have started a friendship between two great peoples."

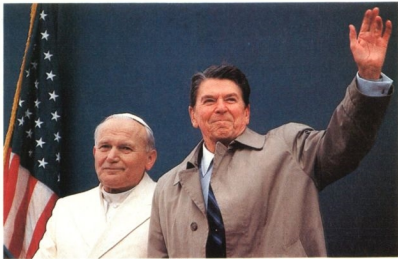
Chinese authorities, who had censored his anti-Soviet remarks from national television broadcasts the week before, beamed his Fudan speech live on Shanghai television, though without translation. Official press accounts the next day, however, omitted his references not only to the Declaration of Independence, but to the Bible and the contributions of two Chinese immigrants to the U.S., Architect I.M. Pei and Computer Entrepreneur An Wang.

Reagan's great leap forward with the Chinese was actually a return to the more amicable ties established by Presidents Nixon, Ford and Carter. In his first two years in office, Reagan neglected the People's Republic and boosted arms sales to Taiwan, despite a 1982 promise by the U.S. not to do so. Taiwan, Deng warned Reagan last week, remains a "knot" in Sino-American relations.

The President's trip brought a personal flavor to the growing rapprochement. Having spent time with Deng and the rest of the top echelon, said a White House aide, "the President sees them as human beings, not as some anonymous red horde." For Deng, the "most important progress is that I met the President for the first time." A major concern of U.S. diplomats is whether Deng, 79, will be able to install a new generation of leaders who share his distrust of the Soviets and fascination with free enterprise. If he cannot, the door to the Middle Kingdom could slam shut as quickly as it opened.

—By Evan Thomas.

Reported by Robert Ajemian and Laurence L. Barrett with the President



With Pope John Paul II in Fairbanks: "A long journey for peace"

"A Threat to the Future"

Coming to grips with the crumbling black family

The most difficult fact for white Americans to understand is that . . . the circumstances of the Negro American community in recent years [have] probably been getting worse, not better. The fundamental problem . . . is that of family structure. The evidence—not final, but powerfully persuasive—is that the Negro family in the urban ghetto is crumbling.

—Daniel P. Moynihan

U.S. Department of Labor report, 1965

Practically a generation has passed since that well-intended policy paper, the notorious "Moynihan Report," prompted an angry dispute over the nature of the modern American black family. The report is still persuasive, yet the touchy issues it raised were until recently judged almost unfit for public debate. Now, however, the precariousness of so many black families has become a central concern of black leaders. Unstable and ill-formed families are, says Eleanor Holmes Norton, former chairman of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, "a threat to the future of black people without equal." Last week a national black sorority, Delta Sigma Theta, held the first of 43 local conferences it has planned on the subject. At Nashville's Fisk University, about 200 scholars and officials from all over the country gathered for marathon discussions—alternately erudite and emotional, brooding and hopeful—on the black family's plight.

The statistical evidence of the "crumbling" family has grown more alarming in the years since Moynihan's depiction. Today a majority (55%) of black children are born to unmarried, often teen-age mothers; in 1965 only 26% of nonwhite newborns were illegitimate. Half of all black children have no father at home, and the median income of these single-mother households is only \$7,458. The incidence of divorce among black couples is twice that among whites. One out of twelve black children lives with neither parent.

Poverty accounts for a large part of this rampant family instability: the unemployment rate among black men (16%) is nearly three times as high as among white men, and black family incomes are, on the average, 56% of white family incomes. It is hard to keep any family together under such financial pressures. Fathers, feeling defeated and useless, drift away. "The strong growth in fe-

male-headed households," says Norton, a law professor at Georgetown University, "is the central problem in black families and why poverty is so lasting." Teen-age mothers too often produce children who become teen-age mothers. Says John Bayne, a Washington social services official: "It is harder to break the cycle for kids who have only known staying home, watching the soaps on TV and getting a welfare check. They are kids who have kids." Many critics of the welfare system complain that it provides incentives for recipient families to break apart. The evidence is mixed. A



Too many illegitimate children, too few fathers at home—and severe poverty

"The strong black family is the reason for our survival as a people."

recent federal study found that higher benefits encourage unmarried mothers on welfare to move away from their parents, thus increasing the number of households headed by women. "A lot of time the kids [who become pregnant] are trying to get away from home," says New York City Welfare Caseworker James Silvers. However, black families rupture along various fissures: the mother of one of Silvers' 17-year-old clients, for instance, recently kicked the daughter out of their Harlem apartment when she became pregnant out of wedlock; the baby's father left town.

The Fisk conference, sponsored by the N.A.A.C.P. and the National Urban League, would have been unlikely a few years ago: dirty linen was washed only in private by the black Establishment, if at all. This apprehension lingers: the ten Fisk workshops were closed to the press. But black leaders talked frankly about sensitive issues. Said National Urban League President John Jacob: "As for the black male and his responsibilities, we are openly acknowledging that problems exist. We are not defensive any more." But Jacob contends that the remnants of

American racism are also responsible for the broken black family.

The Fisk workshops emphasized voluntarist remedies, such as black church programs and promoting home ownership among working-class blacks. They also urged a "domestic Marshall Plan," as well as wage and price controls. Although the black family's problems do not seem soluble by quick fixes, there are a few heartening signs. Among black teenagers, the birth rate has declined slightly; more effective access to contraception could accelerate that trend. Some recent research has found that the "culture of poverty" is escapable. According to one University of Michigan study, most children from poor families do not become impoverished adults.

Scattered grass-roots attempts to aid black families also seem hopeful. In Los

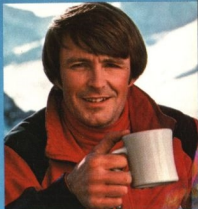
Angeles, Dr. James Mays, a black physician, has set up an adopt-a-family program: each of 200 enrolled families is being provided with legal, medical and other services by a volunteer group. Washington recently put 40 welfare mothers through an experimental eight-month job-training course; most found employment. Five years ago, South Boston High School started encouraging its student mothers not to drop out; a pediatric nurse spends two days a week at the school dispensing advice on bringing up babies.

On Detroit's west side, the Lula Belle Stewart Center last year gave practical help and counseling to more than 700 teen-age mothers and fathers, nearly all black. One of the center's typical clients is Donna, 15. Her parents are heroin addicts, and her month-old-child's father has been charged with burglary. But her future is not absolutely hopeless: the center has taught her the rudiments of infant care, found her a doctor and persuaded her to return to school.

Despite evidence of modest progress, University of Pennsylvania Sociologist Frank Furstenberg, among others, is not optimistic. "I think the situation is very grave," he says. "Unless we take steps to alter the situation, I think we are going to have a lost generation of black youth that is ill equipped to enter the labor force or to form families." At least black leaders are now declaring that family instability is an urgent concern. "It has been the strong black family that is the reason for our survival as a people," said N.A.A.C.P. Executive Director Benjamin Hooks at the Fisk conference. "When the strongest link of our culture is threatened, our very survival as a race is threatened." —By Kurt Andersen.

Reported by Patricia Delaney/Washington and B.J. Phillips/Nashville, with other bureaus

**"What
other coffee
would I
choose?"**



**John Roskelley,
Mountain Climbing
Instructor.**



**It lets you
be your best.**



Plymouth Voyager. The Magic Wagon.



Voyager seats 5 with plenty of carrying space.



Or, would you believe, an option for 7.



With 2 passengers, Voyager has more carrying space than a big conventional wagon: 125 cubic feet.

Voyager: America's most versatile wagon.

Suddenly a wagon that gives you big wagon space and lots of passenger room doesn't have to be a big wagon. Or clunky or hard to maneuver or expensive to run. Not if it's the new Plymouth Voyager, The Magic Wagon. It's three feet shorter outside than a big conventional station wagon, yet gives you even more carrying space inside, 40 percent more: up to 125 cubic feet.

Voyager has room for two or five passengers or, would you believe, an option for seven. Voyager is a front-wheel drive wagon

with rack and pinion steering. It handles like a car in town and over the road, parks just as simply and easily fits in your garage. Altogether, The New Chrysler Technology has created versatility GM, Ford and most of the imports haven't matched.

Would you believe the mileage? **37** mpg **24** city mpg.
A little magic goes a long way.

If you've filled up recently you've noticed gas prices still aren't exactly what you'd call cheap. So it's reassuring to know that

*Use EPA est. mpg for comparison. Mileage may vary depending on speed, weather and trip length. Actual hwy. and city ests. lower. **Whichever comes first. Limited warranty. Traffic Safety Administration data for '82 and '83.

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It's 3 feet shorter than a big wagon. Garaging is simple.



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Front-wheel drive keeps it going through snow and wet spots.



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You won't need Magic to own one.

With Voyager L.E., as shown, you travel in comfort for \$10,887[†] and that includes 7-passenger seating, automatic transmission, roof rack, highback buckets and wire wheel covers. Voyager prices start at \$8,669[†] complete with 5-speed manual, power brakes, power steering, full carpeting, electronically tuned radio and plenty more. Plymouth Voyager. The Magic Wagon. You've got to drive it to believe it. Buckle up for safety.

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So if value is measured by acceptance and preferred service, the Premier Visa Card carries more weight than any other card in the world.



Nation



A Soviet fighter of the type that may have gone down: the MiG-23 Flogger

Mystery Flight over Nevada

Was an Air Force general piloting a Soviet MiG before he died?

Crew-cut and trim at 54, Air Force Lieut. General Robert M. Bond had drawn the kind of duty that many aging fighter pilots would envy. As vice commander of the Air Force Systems Command, he regularly jetted away from his desk job at Andrews Air Force Base in Maryland to test-pilot experimental aircraft, some of them secret, adding steadily to the more than 5,000 hours of flight experience he had accumulated over 33 years. Friends expected Bond to announce his retirement this year. But on April 26 tragedy struck: an aircraft Bond was flying over the sprawling desert of Nevada's Nellis Air Force range went out of control and crashed. The general ejected, but his parachute shredded, possibly because of the extremely high speed, and he died in the fall.

Last week the circumstances surrounding Bond's last flight grew more and more mysterious. The Air Force refused to identify the plane he was piloting, except to call it "an Air Force specially modified test aircraft." At first, speculation centered on a group of aircraft under development at Nellis that use the new and highly classified Stealth technology, an array of design innovations supposedly capable of making aircraft virtually invisible to enemy radar. Then came an even more intriguing, though also unconfirmed, report: Bond was actually flying a Soviet-built MiG-23 Flogger, the primary fighter craft of the Soviet air force, with a maximum speed of some 1,700 m.p.h.

That possibility drew attention to a little-known aspect of American military training. The U.S. has managed to assemble a minisquadron of between four and 15 Floggers, as well as at least a dozen of the more easily obtainable MiG-21s. All of the MiG-23s, which the Soviets began producing in 1973, were purchased from Egypt. Cairo had acquired an extensive Soviet-

built arsenal, including the Floggers, from 1955 to 1974, when Egypt was one of Moscow's most valued client-states.

American specialists put the Soviet aircraft through extensive tests to determine their capabilities. The planes are also used in simulated combat exercises, staging air skirmishes with U.S. fighters to give American pilots training in Soviet air-battle techniques. Publicly, the Air Force acknowledges only that four "aggressor squadrons" of U.S.-made F-5Es are used to mimic MiGs. A spokesman at Nellis said no such "red flag" training exercises were in progress on the day Bond crashed.



Lieut. General Bond

The advantages of training Air Force pilots with real Soviet hardware have not been lost on the Navy. It is studying a proposal made last year by a subsidiary of Dallas' LTV Corp. to supply 24 MiG-21s for use by Navy pilots. About 5,000 MiG-21s have been built since their introduction in 1956, including some in countries other than the Soviet Union. The LTV subsidiary did not reveal its source of supply, but MiG-21s are starting to show up on the world used-arms market.

Some aircraft authorities expressed surprise that Bond would have been allowed to take the Flogger up. Even though the general had recently passed a rigorous "Class 2" Air Force physical, which includes aerobic stress tests and other exacting measurements, some Air Force officials frowned on pilots over the age of 45 flying solo in high-performance craft. "Why was Bond flying a plane like that, when he was on the verge of retirement?" asks an Air Force source. Bond's judgment, as well as that of his superiors, will doubtless be one of the points covered in a special investigation promised by the Air Force. Most of the results of the investigation, however, will probably remain classified. ■

Still No Peace

Exploiting a Kennedy tragedy

After Robert Kennedy's death, at the age of 28, in a Palm Beach, Fla., hotel suite two weeks ago, his uncle Senator Edward Kennedy issued a statement expressing the family's grief and final hope: "With trust in God, we all pray that David has finally found the peace that he did not find in life." But the merciless public attention that tormented the third son of the slain Senator Robert F. Kennedy has intensified since the young man's death.

A Florida circuit court judge last week barred the release of an autopsy report, claiming that press coverage would hamper the criminal investigation under way to find the supplier of the 1.3 grams of cocaine found in David's room. Kennedy, had a history of drug and alcohol abuse, and initial tests found traces

of cocaine and the prescription painkiller Demerol in his body. If David died of a drug overdose, under Florida law the person who sold him the cocaine can be charged with murder. Although withholding autopsy details is standard procedure in any homicide investigation, three Florida newspaper groups and a Miami TV station have sued the state to release the information.

The court controversy is adding to what many see as a morbid carnival surrounding the death. The *New York Post* recounted Kennedy's recent dates and romantic interests and printed a poem reportedly written by him while in a drug-rehabilitation facility. In the *Los Angeles Times* last week, Diane Broughton, a writer and cable television talk-show host, felt compelled to correct the story that David Kennedy was alone in a hotel room 16 years ago when he saw his father's assassination on television. Broughton, then a campaign worker for Senator Kennedy, says that she was babysitting with six of the Kennedy brood that night, including the twelve-year-old David. "He just sat there," Broughton remembers, "and I just got up right next to David and started stroking his hair."

All of this no doubt reflects an insatiable public craving for Kennedy lore—a craving that may have been the cause of some of David's troubles. In an interview with the *New York Daily News*, Paula Scully, a Boston-based fashion photographer and friend of Kennedy's, recalled watching David read an excerpt from *The Kennedys: An American Dream*, a soon-to-be-published book by David Horowitz and Peter Collier. "He bent his head over and said, 'My God, this is awful. It's trash,'" said Scully. "He felt betrayed and used," she added. "It was just one more time that he had been exploited." ■



David

Nation

Stinging Rebuke

The FBI is scolded for its scams

The Federal Bureau of Investigation code-named it Operation Corkscrew: a four-year, \$750,000 Government scam designed to ensnare what were believed to be corrupt judges in the Cleveland Municipal Court. An undercover agent, posing as a car thief, hired Court Bailiff Marvin Bray to offer bribes to judges in exchange for fixing cases. It seemed an effective "sting" when in 1981 six judges were about to be indicted. But it was the FBI that was getting stung. Some of the judges brought to meetings with the undercover agent were impostors, and Bray himself was pocketing the bribe money, totaling more than \$100,000. Bray was later convicted, but the FBI was left with egg on its face.

Operation Corkscrew was the centerpiece of a highly critical 100-page report on FBI undercover activities released last week by the House Judiciary Subcommittee on Civil and Constitutional Rights. After 21 hearings over four years, the five Democrats in the eight-member group took the agency to task. Its covert operations, they said, often deviate "from avowed standards, with substantial harm to individuals and public institutions." The three Republicans on the committee all dissented, however, calling the report "a slanted and biased document that is aimed at closing down an effective and almost indispensable tool" in the fight against organized crime and political corruption.

During the reign of the late FBI director J. Edgar Hoover, the agency solved crimes the old-fashioned way, by simply investigating them. Today's FBI agent is more likely to resort to undercover tactics, gaining evidence by posing as a criminal. For fiscal year 1977, the FBI budgeted \$1 million for undercover operations, excluding salaries and overheads; by fiscal year 1984, that figure had grown to \$12.5 million. In the twelve months ending Sept. 30, 1983, FBI scams resulted in 1,328 indictments and 816 felony convictions. The notable FBI operation that triggered the committee study was Abscam, the bribery investigation begun in 1978 that led to the convictions of a U.S. Senator and six Congressmen.

Despite this success, the committee found that agents often violate the bureau's own guidelines by offering exorbitant bribes and by starting investigations without "reasonable suspicion." Among the committee's recommendations: requiring judicial warrants before scams can be initiated, and a strict code of behavior for undercover operations. Said the report: "There are some forms of conduct which should never be permitted in a democratic society. There is a point at which the end, no matter how important, will not support such conduct." ■



AT & T runners practice hoisting the torch



Hell's Angel George Christie awaits his turn

An Olympic Ideal Gets Burned

Greek grumbles inflame a coast-to-coast run for charity

It seemed a splendid idea. To the glory that was Greece, the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee (L.A.O.O.C.) wanted to bring a touch of American grandeur. The Olympic flame was to be relayed from east to west in a scenic 19,000-kilometer zigzag across all 50 states, the longest torch run in modern Olympic history. Sections of the route would be "sold" at \$3,000 a kilometer to sponsors who contribute to charity. Doing it the American way, the Olympic flame would arrive from Greece electronically. AT&T, which is sponsoring the Olympic relay, set up a system at the ruins in Olympia to convert the flame to an electronic impulse. This was to have been transmitted by satellite this week to a receiver in New York City's U.N. Plaza. Unfortunately, the L.A.O.O.C. forgot a lesson as old as the *Iliad*: Beware of Greeks bearing gifts or, in this case, guarding traditions.

The Greeks protested the "unholy exploitation" of the Olympic flame. The International Olympic Committee actually owns the flame, but the Greeks are its guardians. "The flame for us is a sacred thing. It is not for sale," declared Spyros Foteinis, mayor of Olympia, where the ancient Games were first held.

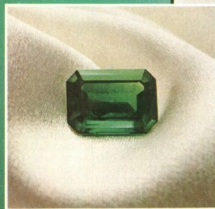
L.A.O.O.C. officials explained that the money from the torch relay would go to worthwhile causes, including the Boys' Clubs of America and the Special Olympics (for the handicapped) and the Y.M.C.A. The Greeks were not convinced. According to Peter Ueberroth, president of the L.A.O.O.C., the Greeks saw the relay as "some kind of honky-tonk road show."

Last week the L.A.O.O.C. canceled the electronic delivery of the flame, fearing Greek lack of cooperation. Instead, officials leased an Air Force jet to pick up the flame Monday and take it to New York City in six miner's lamps.

Keeping the flame lit after it arrives on U.S. soil may be tricky. On practice runs in March, the flame kept going out. The maker of the torch has switched to a higher-grade propane, but as a precaution, a second Olympic flame will be kept burning in a lantern along the route.

The relay sponsors are as varied as America: scores of corporations, U.S. Marines, a schoolteacher in Wichita, Kans., and dozens of celebrities from Jane Fonda to O.J. Simpson. The runners will be, if anything, even more varied. Leading off the relay from the U.N. will be the grandchildren of the great Olympians Jim Thorpe and Jesse Owens. But in Ventura, Calif., Hell's Angel George Christie will carry the flame, decked out in a regulation Olympic running outfit embellished with touches like a silver skull earring and lurid tattoos. The L.A.O.O.C. cashed his \$3,000 sponsorship check, unaware of his club allegiance. Says Christie: "Their uniform will never look so cool."

Sadly, the Olympic relay has not been a brisk seller. Ueberroth hoped sponsors would buy 10,000 kilometers of the route, but by April, only 4,000 had been spoken for. The route was scaled down to 15,000 kilometers through only 33 states and the District of Columbia. The unsponsored miles will be run by 250 AT&T employees, who will also jog alongside sponsored runners. Runners will be accompanied by a four-vehicle security and ambulance escort, part of a fleet of 37 cars, vans and trailers offering everything from a whirlpool bath to filet mignon. The convoy, the cheering crowds and the challenge of running an Olympic kilometer is likely to make even the humblest torchbearer feel like a champion. —By Alessandra Stanley, Reported by Lee Griggs/Chicago and Steven Holmes/Los Angeles



Emerald enlarged to show detail.

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2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately to: TANQUERAY SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. Box 3366, Syosset, NY 11775. All entries must be received by July 15, 1984. No mechanically reproduced entries will be accepted.
3. The winner will be selected from among all correct entries received in a random drawing conducted by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this sweepstakes. The prize will be awarded and winner notified by mail. The prize is non-transferable. Winner may select either the emerald from the Harry Winston collection or its retail value of \$25,000. Taxes, if any, are the responsibility of the individual winner. Winner may be asked to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release.
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The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Unadorned, but Proud

At 77, Clark Clifford is paying back a little bit of what he and the nation owe Harry Truman. From Harvard to St. Louis, Clifford is lecturing almost daily about Truman and his times. Tuesday is Truman's 100th birthday, and the celebrations climax with a town party in Independence, Mo., a joint session of Congress, a luncheon with Ronald Reagan as host, and a huge reception in Washington for the dwindling band of men and women who were with Truman and for the growing army of those who wish they had been.

It was 1942 when Clifford, then an unknown St. Louis lawyer, first met Truman, then an undistinguished Missouri Senator. Truman's open face struck Clifford, who described the moment last week. "Some people's faces mask their character. Truman's face revealed his character: frank, open, considerate, strong, candid, and with what John Kennedy used to describe as 'vigah.'"

The next meeting was in 1945, when Truman, three months after becoming President, was preparing for the Potsdam conference and Clifford, a Navy lieutenant, was going to run the naval aide's office during the President's absence. Truman, from his desk in the Oval Office, looked up at the 6-ft. 2-in. Clifford and said, "Big fellow, isn't he?" There was the rock-bottom Truman again—unadorned, direct, kindly, humorous.

For five years Clifford was a close Truman aide of one kind or another, casting his discerning eye almost hourly over this extraordinary leader at work and play, or at least what Truman called play, like eight-handed poker where he mostly talked politics and people—and tended to be too optimistic about the strength of his cards.

Truman never changed. He had virtually no affectations, Clifford noted, and no inferiority complex. He viewed his days as a farmer as a blessing, a source of strength. In Truman's mind that put him on a par with his Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, the aristocratic product of Groton, Yale and Harvard; not above, but certainly not below. They loved each other.

Truman's loyalty to his people, good and bad, was unwavering, and so was theirs toward him. They would have died for him. Still would. Truman probably got the trait from his Army days, the greatest experience in his young life. He stood like a captain of artillery all his life. He walked 120 drill steps a minute until he no longer could.

Truman called up from his memory a precedent for almost every decision he made. Clifford calculated that Truman must have known more history than any other President since Wilson. He understood the reasons for, and evolution of, policy. The Truman Doctrine began with aid for Greece and Turkey because he saw the area as vital to freedom and stability for all Europe.

Truman, the dirt farmer, looked his very best in white tie and tails. He always dressed well: neat and tailored. The famed bow tie was the signal of a sporty mood. His gray hair turned white in the presidency, but it never thinned. His voice was nasal and flat, but he learned to use it to cut fog. Truman's profanity was unimaginative but effective, though never used before women.

He loved to play simple Chopin and Beethoven pieces on the piano, not the *Missouri Waltz*. And he took a bourbon and branch water before dinner (one, not more). When he used his hand like an ax in the air, Clifford knew Truman was making serious points.

Truman was not a communicator, not a molder of men's minds. His IQ was surely of medium range. He compensated by being absolutely uncaring about who got the credit for success, just as long as things worked. He was for the underdog, but not against the top dog unless provoked. He did not pretend ever to be something he was not, but also never pretended to be less than he was: President of the United States.



A dirt farmer who looked best in tails

Ah, Wilderness

A multimillion-acre deal

It had been a frustrating standoff. For more than three years, Administration officials and some development-minded Republican Senators from Western states stalled legislation designed to add millions of acres of undeveloped forest land to the nation's 80 million-acre protected wilderness system. Conservationists, aided by sympathetic Democratic House members, stymied plans for the commercial exploitation of millions more acres of federally controlled woodlands. The issue between the battling groups: how to manage the pristine forests not protected by the wilderness preserves. Last week the combatants announced a compromise that clears the way for about 10 million acres of forests to be declared official wilderness and frees another 10 million acres for development. Exulted Peter Coppelman, national forest expert with the Wilderness Society: "We broke the logjam, and a lot of logs are going to come through."

The pact calls for a review every ten to 15 years of whether unprotected woodlands should be included in the wilderness system. During that time, the Forest Service will be permitted to manage the land as it pleases, including opening it to developers. The agreement is a victory for environmentalists who have long argued for a review system for unprotected Government forests. Administration officials and allies, chief among them Idaho's Republican Senator James McClure, have been opposed to this, arguing that developers need "certitude" if they are going to invest in land development. Says Max Peterson, head of the U.S. Forest Service and the chief broker of the agreement: "Senator McClure originally thought that since the wilderness designation was permanent, then the nonwilderness should be too."

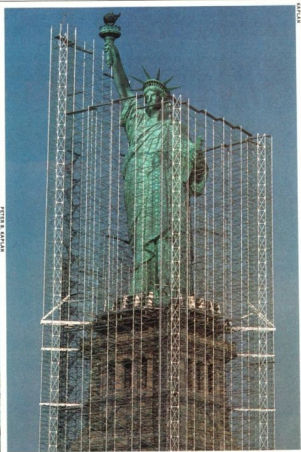
Several factors caused the Administration to retreat from its antiwilderness position. Republicans up for re-election this fall became worried about projecting the wrong image. More important, developers began to apply pressure for a compromise. In a case involving California forests, a federal court ruled that nonwilderness designations had been based on an inadequate Government study. This allowed environmentalists to make a legal challenge of any plan to hand over federal lands for economic exploitation.

As a result of the compromise, the next year could see more acres designated wilderness areas than at any one time in the history of the system (with the exception of the 56 million acres of Alaska added in 1980). One beneficiary may be Ronald Reagan, out to shed his anticconservation image: over the next few months, it will be no surprise to see him amid woods and lakes, ceremoniously signing one wilderness bill after another. ■

Miss Liberty's Make-Over

The tired, the poor and the huddled masses still flow to New York Harbor. And 98 years after its dedication, the Statue of Liberty remains a perfect emblem of America's self-image: colossal, principled, generous. The statue, with a shroud of scaffolding, has taken on another kind of symbolism: like the American cityscape, Miss Liberty is riddled with rust and holes.

The refurbishing that is just under way will cost \$30 million, virtually all from private donations. That is almost 40 times the bill for construction and installation in the 1880s. Over the next two years, the statue will undergo structural repairs of its up-raised right arm, replacement of its torch and interior iron struts, renovation of the 168-step spiral staircase that leads to its crown and construction of a glass elevator that will travel from ground level to the top of the pedestal on which Liberty stands.



World

NICARAGUA

Gloom but Not Yet Doom

Beset by war and weariness, the ruling Sandinistas are struggling

As a revolutionary road show, the event was unmistakably a flop. While visiting members of Nicaragua's Sandinista government waited on a wooden dais in a baseball stadium in the northwestern town of Chinandega last week, an estimated 4,000 local supporters filed dutifully onto the dusty grounds below. Hoping to add both life and numbers to the disappointing crowd, Sandinista organizers urged the audience to march through town as a way of drawing attention to the May Day rally. The demonstrators complied. When the parade returned some 30 minutes later, however, only half of the participants returned with it. The reduced crowd of 2,000 faithful remained to hear Nicaragua's agrarian reform minister, Jaime Wheelock Román, heap scorn on Nicaragua's Roman Catholic hierarchy for suggesting that the government should negotiate with the U.S.-backed *contra* guerrillas, who are waging hit-and-run warfare along the country's borders. Yet the generally desultory nature of the festivities was one more indication that the Sandinistas may be losing their grip on the popular imagination.

On the same hot afternoon in Managua, the capital, a vastly different drama was playing to a packed house. Some 4,000 Nicaraguans crowded into the modernistic Don Bosco Church as the new head of the country's nine-member Roman Catholic Episcopal Conference, Bishop Pablo Antonio Vega, used harsh language to describe the plight of his flock under the Marxist-led Sandinistas. Said Vega: "The tragedy of the Nicaraguan people is that we are living with a totalitarian ideology that no one wants in this country." While the priest spoke, nearly a dozen military Jeeps circled the building. Says a church spokesman, the Rev. Bismarck Carballo: "Our relations with the Sandinistas have totally deteriorated."

The lack of interest at Chinandega and the defiance at Don Bosco are aspects of a drastic change in mood that has descended upon Nicaragua's 2.9 million people. Only a few months ago, citizens eagerly rallied by the thousands to listen to the exhortations of the Sandinista National Liberation Front (F.S.L.N.). The reason: a willingness at that time to defend the 1979 revolution that ousted Dictator Anastasio Somoza Debayle against the increasingly bold attacks of "Yankee imperialism," embodied in the *contra* forces trained and sup-



The priest: Bishop Pablo Antonio Vega at May Day Mass in Managua's Don Bosco Church

plied by the Central Intelligence Agency.

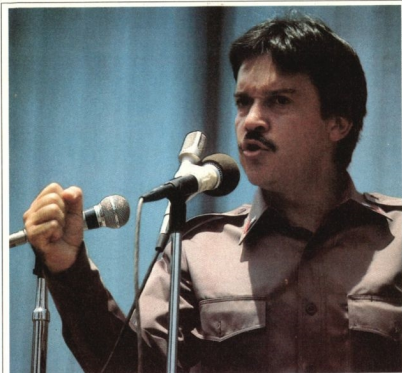
Sandinista rhetoric about the U.S. and the *contra* threat remains as shrill as ever. But as U.S. pressure has intensified, so has a deep sense of demoralization and frustration within Nicaragua that affects even the secretive Sandinista leadership. Among many Nicaraguans, there is a growing sentiment that their country faces an economic and military debacle that can be blamed as much on the Sandinistas as on the Reagan Administration—or even more. Says a prominent former F.S.L.N. supporter in the capital: "The one big difference these days is that people everywhere are now saying the Sandinistas are through, and no one is sorry to see them go."

That view is still wishful thinking. The Sandinistas, led by their nine-member National Directorate, retain an awesome monopoly of force in Nicaragua. They command a combined army and militia of some 100,000, well-equipped by Cuba and the Soviet Union. A network of neighborhood Sandinista Defense Committees gives the regime a pervasive system of surveillance and social control. Ever since March 1982, the regime has governed under a state of emergency that forbids political meetings and gives the Sandinistas sweeping powers of press censorship and arbitrary arrest. Those sanctions have been used this year against scores of obstreperous members of Nicaragua's opposition political parties and many other citizens accused of "counterrevolutionary activity." Says a Western diplomat in Managua: "The *comandantes* are not about to board a plane for Havana."

Nonetheless, the Sandinistas profoundly underestimated the dimensions and consequences of the CIA-backed guerrilla attacks. The 12,000 to 14,000 *contras* have not scored spectacular military successes, but they have become a distracting force that has shaken Nicaraguans psychologically far more than the Reagan Administration might have imagined. The Sandinistas announced last week that a fishing trawler sank in the Pacific port of Corinto after striking a mine that was left by CIA-directed operatives in the Administration's controversial program, now abandoned, of harassing Nicaraguan shipping. The Sandinistas also claimed that they had repelled two *contra* speedboat attacks at Corinto. Meanwhile, in



F.S.L.N. Candidates Ortega and Ramirez
Compromise vs. a hard line.



REUTERS—STEFAN ARTNER

The comandante: Jaime Wheelock Román delivering May Day address in Chinandega

the north of the country, *contra* units continue to show their ability to roam deep inside Nicaraguan territory (see following story).

Economically, Nicaragua is reeling. Commodities from soap to cement are in short supply; factories are steadily closing down due to the lack of raw materials. Of some 500 Nicaraguan manufacturing firms operating in 1979, only about 80 are still functioning. Government food-rationing rules now permit the weekly purchase of only one chicken and 2 lbs. of beef per family of four—when supplies are available.

During his Chinandega speech, the F.S.L.N.'s Wheelock warned that "economic shortages will go on for many years because of the imperialist aggression on our borders from the U.S." But increasingly, Nicaraguans are reluctant to accept that explanation for the failure of the economy. Among other things, the Sandinistas' imposition of price controls has helped to bring about the shortages that plague Nicaragua, while their erratic policies of expropriation have destroyed incentives for investment. Says a concerned mother in Managua: "This is not what we thought the revolution would be like when we tore up streets to make barricades to fight Somoza."

A more troublesome result of the covert war has been a domestic backlash against Sandinista military policies. Nicaraguan mothers are angry at the drafting of up to 40,000 young people, many of whom are being trained in special counterinsurgency units and sent to fight in remote border areas. When their sons were

drafted, the women were told that the youths would be kept near major cities. Many of the soldiers have since deserted. The Sandinistas have tried hard to placate the mothers with neighborhood meetings explaining the government's actions. But within the past two months, in an uncommon demonstration of dissent, maternal protest marches against the draft have been held in several Nicaraguan towns, including the central city of Matagalpa.

The deepest pitfall of the covert war is one that the Sandinistas have dug for themselves: a loudly announced but nebulously described intention to relax their grip on power. That policy, known as *apertura* (opening), reached new rhetorical levels in February, when the Sandinistas declared that they would hold democratic presidential and legislative elections on Nov. 4. In March the Sandinistas produced an electoral law that, among other things, banned the *contra* leadership from participation in the contest. In subsequent weeks Managua buzzed with reports that the Sandinistas would lift the notorious state of emergency on May 4, a step that would be essential for free electoral competition. The day arrived, however, and nothing happened.

The inaction reinforced suspicion in Washington and elsewhere that the Sandinistas' democratic intentions are merely cosmetic. Locked in confrontation with the Reagan Administration, the Sandinistas are trying hard to rally dwindling Latin American and West

European support for their regime. A façade of political liberalization would help in that effort. Says Jesuit Father Xavier Gorostiaga, a leading Sandinista adviser: "My impression is that the internal dynamics of this country don't require us to have elections. The elections are much more for external benefit. They are a symbolic gesture."

Another view of the Sandinistas' plight is that they no longer have any choice about reaching a democratic accommodation. Asserts a West European confidant of the Sandinista leadership: "Neither Cuba nor the Soviet Union can help militarily or economically to the extent that they can solve Nicaragua's problems. The Sandinistas must keep the revolution acceptable to countries like Mexico and those in Western Europe. They have to risk their power in order to maintain it."

The Sandinistas have also been coming under heavy diplomatic pressure from some nearby countries. Costa Rica, which has tried to remain neutral toward its northern neighbor, last week asked Mexico to arrange a meeting with Nicaragua after Costa Rican security forces traded fire with Nicaraguan troops along the border. Costa Rica now describes its differences with the Sandinistas as "very, very grave."

Particularly painful measures against Nicaragua have come from the recently elected government of Venezuelan President Jaime Lusinchi. Reversing Venezuela's previously tolerant attitude toward the Sandinistas, Lusinchi has suspended all but formal relations with Nicaragua. That has meant a cutoff of economic assistance worth more than \$100 million to the Sandinistas. An important reason for Lusinchi's abrupt move was a deep Venezuelan skepticism about the *apertura*, or intention of sharing power through elections, and about Sandinista intentions in general. One Venezuelan diplomat referred to the Sandinistas' lectures on the superiority of their political system to that of Venezuela as "insufferable." A Latin American diplomat in Nicaragua put the problem more brutally: "In Cuba and the Soviet Union, there are elections too. You cannot have democracy where there is no personal liberty at all."

By some accounts, the National Directorate is now deeply divided over the liberalization issue. Some Sandinista intimates describe the group as being split into self-described "realist" and "revolution" wings, with the former accepting the idea of compromise and the latter advocating a hard-line course regardless of the cost. In the Directorate's closed-door deliberations over the F.S.L.N.'s official candidates in the Nov. 4 elections, the realists, led by Daniel Ortega Saavedra, Nicaragua's governing junta coordinator, appeared to have the upper hand. By one account, the leadership voted 8 to 1 in favor of making Ortega its presidential candidate. It passed over the leader of the revolutionary faction, hard-line Interior Minister Tomás Borge Martínez, who

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nominated himself for the job. By the same margin, Borge was snubbed as the prospective vice-presidential nominee in favor of Sergio Ramirez Mercado, another governing junta member and a prominent novelist.

The Reagan Administration, however, insists that any true liberalization in Nicaragua would offer such features as freedom from censorship and the right of all opponents of the regime, including the *contra* leadership, to participate in elections. So far, the only serious challenger within Nicaragua to the Sandinistas has been the Roman Catholic Church. In a pastoral letter issued on Easter Sunday, the nine Nicaraguan bishops used some of the strongest language ever uttered publicly against the Sandinistas. The bishops blamed the regime for "young people's dying on the battlefield, abuse of power, use of schools for materialistic (i.e., Marxist) education, displacement of peasants and manipulation of family grief." They called for a direct dialogue between the government and the *contras*. "If this does not happen," the bishops wrote, "there will be no chance for an agreement, and our people, especially the poorest among them, will continue suffering and dying."

The Sandinistas allowed Nicaraguan newspapers to publish the letter, but then counterattacked by calling the authors of the episcopal document "false prophets." Church-state relations have sunk so low in Nicaragua that the country's Archbishop Miguel Obando y Bravo last week traveled to Rome for Vatican consultations.

Privately, the Sandinistas concede that Nicaraguans have grown tired and disheartened in the course of the revolutionary crusade. So, they confess, have they. The former guerrilla fighters describe the current period as one of the hardest they have ever faced in their frequently grim revolutionary careers. They claim that no matter what they do, almost no one outside Nicaragua seems to believe them and that in Washington, the Reagan Administration seems unwilling to give in on any point at all. At times, the *comandantes* even lapse into the past tense when referring to their revolution. At a Directorate meeting last week, the Sandinistas wearily asked Cuban revolutionaries whether the early years of the Castro regime were as difficult and frustrating. The Cubans said nothing specific in reply, but offered their condolences.

A Western diplomat in Managua describes the current foundering of the Sandinistas as "not a political vacuum, but the air is being sucked out." Yet he also warned that "their decline is not yet marked by the rise of anyone else's fortunes." Under those conditions, the Sandinistas will probably remain in power for the foreseeable future, but the pall of gloom over Nicaragua is likely to grow deeper. —By George Russell. Reported by William McWhirter/Managua



F.D.N. Comandante Alfa talks to his *contra* patrol during a march through Nueva Segovia

Fighting the "Rabid Dogs"

On patrol with the contras in Nicaraguan territory

As the Sandinistas struggle to preserve their revolution, U.S.-backed *contras* continue to harass the regime from across Nicaragua's northern and southern borders. The largest of the counterrevolutionary groups, the Nicaraguan Democratic Force (F.D.N.), based in Honduras, claims 8,000 troops. Although able to move freely over thousands of square miles of northern Nicaragua, the *contras* are worried that their operations will be restricted if U.S. aid is cut off. Correspondent Ricardo Chavira and Photographer Bob Nickelsberg accompanied an F.D.N. patrol on a six-day foray that took them some 30 miles into the desolate hills of Nicaragua's Nueva Segovia department. Chavira's report:

From a base camp in Honduras no more than two miles from the border, we can hear the boom of Sandinista artillery. The 26 fighters who will accompany us into Nicaragua are part of a 1,000-man F.D.N. task force that operates in Nueva Segovia. They wear U.S. Army-issue fatigues or blue-green Honduran-made uni-



A rebel fighter hikes into Nicaragua

Civilians provide a network of assistance.

forms or, in the case of new recruits, civilian clothes. Armed with Belgian FAL or Chinese-made AK-47 assault rifles and trained by the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency in demolition and information gathering, they appear to be a well-conditioned, highly motivated team. Some members of the unit have crossed the border before us with mortars to reinforce other F.D.N. patrols battling advancing columns of Sandinista militia. Our patrol's standing orders are to move forward as far as 50 miles into Nicaragua, setting ambushes, campaigning among the peasantry and sabotaging electrical lines and bridges. "Within the past 18 months we have pushed the Sandinistas out of here," says the patrol's leader, Comandante Alfa, waving his hand across a ten-mile-wide strip of hilly forest.

As we shuffle into pine and scrub-oak hills, twice we find ourselves within half a mile of a village in which several hundred Sandinista troops are stationed. Because they control the department's extensive system of roads, the Sandinistas can quickly move their 20,000 troops and supplies to any point in the area. My companions are equipped by the U.S. from Honduras, but they grumble that they had to carry the arms and supplies across the border on their backs. The F.D.N.'s single, ancient C-47 transport plane cannot be used in Nueva Segovia because of heavy Sandinista defenses.

Over the past year, the civilian population has grown used to the *contra* presence and now provides a network of assistance. Our patrol carries rations of dried beef, rice, roasted cocoa beans and sugar, but peasants along the way offer us tortillas, bananas and water. More important, the local *campesinos* act as couriers and give our patrol intelligence about Sandinista troop movements. On the third and fourth nights of our trek, we are invited to sleep at

peasant homes. During the days, we frequently take long rests at farmhouses. The *contras* chat easily with our hosts, some of whom are their friends and relatives.

The civilians of Nueva Segovia are not shy about telling us why they dislike the Sandinistas, whom they call *piricua-cos* (rabid dogs). Some of the peasants say they have had family members tortured or property confiscated. Others are angry over government efforts to make them form agricultural cooperatives and sell their products exclusively to the state. At a farmhouse atop a hill, 13 peasants tell me they are disappointed that the Sandinistas have not met promises for better economic conditions, and in fact have allowed prices to rocket and wages to stagnate. "A bag of detergent costs ten times more than it did during the dictatorship," complains one barefoot *campesino*. Says another: "It is like that for everything. We were better off under Somoza."

Few Nicaraguans lament the 1979 overthrow of Anastasio Somoza Debayle and his right-wing dictatorship, of course, but many of the peasants of Nueva Segovia oppose the Sandinistas strongly enough to support the *contra* cause at great risk. Those who are caught aiding the guerrillas are often killed by the Sandinistas. The *contras* can be equally brutal when they uncover Sandinista informers or seize enemy troops. "If we capture them in a fight and they have no more ammunition, then they must die," said a sub-*comandante* known as Pelón. "That shows they were trying to kill us and gave up only because they had no more shells." If a Sandinista soldier surrenders with a full clip, however, the *contras* conclude he does not want to hurt them and he is spared. Says Pelón: "We give them the choice of going to Honduras with us or simply going back home."

At one point, the Sandinistas spotted our patrol and waited in ambush for us to link up with another F.D.N. unit. But a scouting patrol discovered the trap, and instead of marching to the rendezvous we stayed put, spending the night on the dirt floor of a farmhouse less than two miles from the ambush site. "Our mission is to protect you journalists," *Comandante Alfa* says the next day. "But if I had been alone, we would have fallen on them from the rear and sent them running."

Back in Honduras, F.D.N. leaders fret about whether the U.S. Congress will approve the pending \$21 million in aid. "These Congressmen should not think just about the next election," says Mack, a muscular former Nicaraguan military officer. "They should look ahead five or six years. If we are not around, the U.S. will have to send Marines in. Then it is going to take the sacrifice of American lives to solve the problem of Nicaragua." Says a high-ranking F.D.N. official: "If the Americans think they can now just say, 'It was a mistake, let's all go back home,' they're wrong. You can't play with people like that. If the Americans leave us, it will be worse than the Bay of Pigs." ■

EL SALVADOR

Taking Sides?

Charges of U.S. "manipulation"

As Salvadorans prepared to head for the polls last Sunday in the second and final round of presidential elections, the candidates launched the usual last-minute blitz of charges and countercharges. But one campaigner found some surprising ammunition. Hugo Barrera, the vice-presidential nominee of the right-wing Nationalist Republican Alliance (ARENA), made public the text of a letter from Republican Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina to President Reagan demanding the removal of the U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador, Thomas Pickering. Helms accused Pickering of



Ambassador Pickering in San Salvador

A vote of "full confidence" from Reagan.

manipulating the elections, specifically by urging the country's provisional President, Alvaro Magaña, to veto an ARENA-sponsored proposal for loosening voting procedures. Wrote Helms: "Mr. Pickering has used the cloak of diplomacy to strangle freedom in the night."

The Helms letter drew quick rebuttals from the White House and congressional leaders. Asserting that Ronald Reagan had "full confidence" in Pickering, White House Spokesman Larry Speakes contended that the Administration had not taken sides in the runoff election between Christian Democrat José Napoleón Duarte and ARENA's Roberto d'Aubuisson. But in a speech on the Senate floor, Helms expanded his attack, contending that the State Department "bent over backwards to facilitate a Duarte victory" and that a member of the U.S. embassy staff in San Salvador told ARENA officials the U.S. would not support d'Aubuisson if he won. State Department officials rejected those charges as well.

Despite the U.S. denials, it is no secret

that the Reagan Administration strongly prefers Duarte, if only because a victory by d'Aubuisson, who is frequently alleged to have ties with right-wing death squads, would end any hopes for congressional approval of continued military aid to El Salvador. The election process itself has been carried out with great U.S. encouragement and assistance. Though Pickering is hardly the puppetmaster depicted by Helms, he has not refrained from voicing his government's views. When Duarte and d'Aubuisson were angling for the support of Francisco José ("Chachi") Guerrero, leader of the conservative National Conciliation Party, Pickering held talks with the Salvadoran politician and explained U.S. congressional attitudes toward d'Aubuisson, but stopped short of advising political neutrality for Guerrero in the election runoff. Nonetheless, neutrality is the position that Guerrero eventually took.

For his part, Helms is hardly a dispassionate observer. When d'Aubuisson's request for a U.S. visa was denied last November, the Senator loudly complained. Deborah DeMoss, a Helms aide who has visited El Salvador numerous times in the past year, tried to arrange a speaking engagement for d'Aubuisson at Georgetown University last January.

To underscore their concern about the election results, the Democratic leaders of the House of Representatives decided last week to postpone consideration of \$62 million in proposed emergency military assistance to El Salvador until after the balloting. Said Democratic Representative Clarence Long of Maryland: "We want to send a notice to the [Salvadoran] military. They had better honor that election."

Reagan is so frustrated by the aid postponement that he may blame Congress in a television address this week. White House aides are especially alarmed by intelligence reports that the guerrillas are planning a major offensive this fall. Some Central American sources say that the rebels are actually planning two major attacks, the first in July to coincide with the Democratic National Convention and the second in October just before the election. In the summer offensive, the rebels hope to expand their control of the northern departments of Morazán and Chalatenango. As part of that effort, the guerrillas will aim a public relations campaign at the Democrats when they gather in San Francisco July 16 to 20.

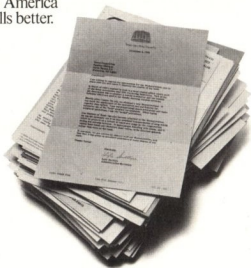
The October offensive will attempt to make the war a major issue as the U.S. heads for the polls. According to the guerrillas, they will try to assassinate U.S. advisers based at San Miguel and La Unión. The rebels say they have trained a hit squad in Morazán department to infiltrate the Salvadoran army and kill key officers as well as their U.S. instructors. Another scenario calls for the insurgents to concentrate on two or three spectacular attacks that would get front-page headlines in the U.S. The guerrillas obviously have decided that last Sunday's election is not the only one that matters. ■

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Walesa and followers slip into the official parade in Gdansk



Other Solidarity "infiltrators" flash a victory sign as they march

POLAND

Marching out of Step

Solidarity supporters stage a surprise May Day protest

As dawn broke on the first day of the month, long lines of blue-uniformed militia, armed with lead-filled white truncheons, spread out along the deserted streets of the Polish seaport of Gdansk. During the past two years, supporters of the outlawed Solidarity trade union had turned the annual holiday celebration into a demonstration against the government of General Wojciech Jaruzelski. As they were last year, the authorities appeared thoroughly prepared to handle any attempt to disrupt the May Day parade.

They did not, however, reckon with the nerve of the rotund, mustachioed man who suddenly appeared among the bystanders watching the parade only 200 yards from the official reviewing stand. Before security forces could decide how to react, he deftly slipped between the ranks of marching workers, accompanied by a phalanx of his followers. Then, as the local Communist Party leader and the police chief of Gdansk looked down from the tribunal in stunned disbelief, the cocky interloper flashed a V-for-victory sign. A visiting Soviet party leader failed to recognize him and returned his salute with a cheery wave. Shouted an astonished onlooker: "It's Lech! Walesa is here!" Indeed he was.

The former Solidarity leader was one of tens of thousands of demonstrators who turned out in cities across Poland last week to mock official government ceremonies honoring the international workers' day. Riot squads drenched Solidarity supporters in Warsaw and Czestochowa with water cannons. There were other demonstrations in Szczecin, Lublin, Wroclaw and Poznan. Government Spokesman Jerzy Urban brusquely dismissed the May Day protests as "pitiful" but announced that the police had detained 684 demonstrators for questioning.

Compared with the turnout for past demonstrations, the number of Solidarity supporters who were willing last week to face beatings, drenchings and possible arrest had significantly dwindled. But if

Walesa and his followers could not hope to prevail against Polish riot squads, they did cause Jaruzelski considerable embarrassment on the eve of his trip to Moscow. Speaking to a May Day rally in Warsaw, the general sought to strike a cautious balance between repression and reform. Said Jaruzelski: "A storm has swept over our land. It cleaned some things and littered others as every storm does. We must extend the clean field. We must clean the littered field. That is what socialist renewal consists of." Last week's protests had added to the debris.

Warsaw riot squads had moved quickly to prevent major demonstrations from taking place in the capital and cordoned the Old Town, a traditional rallying point for Solidarity supporters. As churchgoers streamed out of St. John's Cathedral after a morning Mass in honor of workers, someone in the crowd flung a sheaf of leaflets into the air that urged Poles "to ruin the attempt to make this holiday a show of obedience." Only about 200 youths stood ready to battle the police, who chased them down cobbled streets with jets of water. When the protesters tried to regroup outside the church of Father Jerzy Popieluszko, an outspoken supporter of the banned trade union, the riot squads finally dispersed the crowd with water cannons.

Two days later Poles tried to gather again in Warsaw's Old Town to mark the anniversary of the 1791 constitution, which granted Poles unprecedented freedom for two years before the country was partitioned a second time between Russia and Prussia. Police attempted to drown out the sound of hymn singing with sirens, then moved against the crowd, swinging clubs. The protesters rushed for shelter in nearby restaurants and cafes. Late into the evening, water cannons and police vans with blue flashing lights continued to patrol the streets of the capital.

Instead of challenging the government so overtly, protesters in Gdansk

took a different tack. Solidarity supporters followed directions from leaflets and broadcasts over the union's underground radio and gathered at a designated street corner where they were joined by others leaving morning Mass at St. Brigid's Church. Normally the crowd would have surged toward the city center, but this time the demonstrators deliberately dispersed and slipped into the ranks of the official delegations of workers marching in the parade. In competition with propaganda placards extolling the Communist system, protesters' banners were unrolled. FREE THE POLITICAL PRISONERS read one message scrawled in lipstick on a white-and-red Polish flag. Another sign, supporting a boycott of local elections next month, warned that IF YOU WANT TO GO HUNGRY, GO TO THE POLLS.

The change in strategy seemed to catch the riot police off guard. If they fired tear-gas canisters at the marchers, the noxious fumes might have sent local party officials gasping from the reviewing stand. A direct assault on the demonstrators under the eye of party leaders would have provided an equally unsavory spectacle for television viewers and would have turned the parade into a fiasco. When the militiamen finally did begin to round up the Solidarity supporters in the crowd, most demonstrators, including Walesa, simply slipped away. Said the former union leader afterward: "I organized an independent demonstration. I showed them to their faces what we are capable of doing."

Poles have begun to rely more and more on methods of subterfuge, which expose them to less risk in their struggle to make their message heard. Mimeographed journals are thriving in the underground. Supporters of Solidarity have set up a clandestine news service, relying on journalists who have been unemployed since the military crackdown. Taboo topics can be debated at secret seminars that often meet in church basements or private apartments. If last week's demonstration showed that the banned union still has the power to draw Poles into the streets, it is ultimately such quiet forms of protest that will keep the ideals of Solidarity alive.

—By John Kahan.

Reported by John Moody/Warsaw

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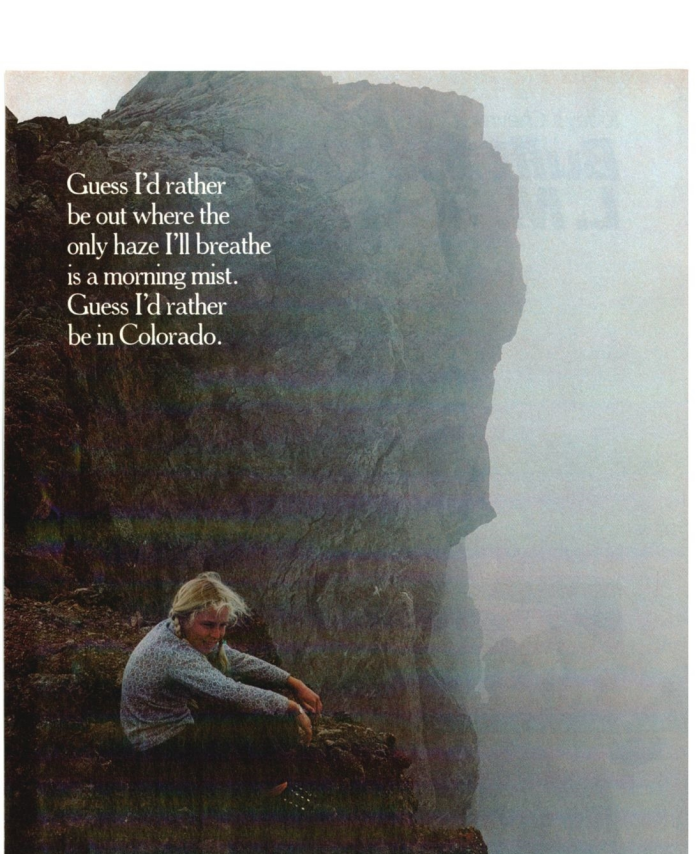
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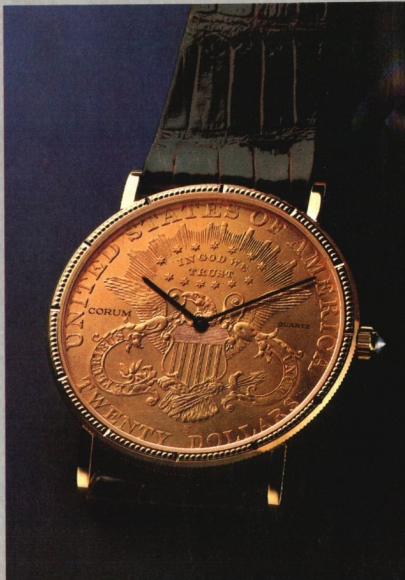
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World

LEBANON

No Picnic All Around

Syria seizes three Israelis, and a shaky new Cabinet is born

On a bright spring morning last week, three young Israeli officials took off by car from their liaison office in the Lebanese village of Dbayeh, on the outskirts of Beirut. Their destination: the ancient ruins of Byblos, about twelve miles to the north, where they ostensibly planned to sightsee and picnic. Inexplicably, however, they drove past their destination along the coastal road. They crossed Christian Phalange and Lebanese Army checkpoints without incident, then suddenly spotted a Syrian checkpoint straight ahead. Realizing that they had strayed into hostile territory, they turned the car

of Beirut. The errant Israeli trio gave the Syrians a long-awaited pretext for drawing widespread attention to the unofficial office and for contending anew that the delegation is, in fact, a conduit for the shipment of arms and ammunition to Christian militiamen in Lebanon.

The Israelis could retaliate by seizing a high-level Syrian official. But such a move, Israeli Defense Minister Moshe Arens admitted, "would increase the chance for an armed clash with Syria." Other options could prove no less incendiary. "The situation is fluid and dangerous enough for the Syrians to play games,"

Justice, Water and Electricity; Druze Chieftrain Walid Jumblatt, 35, was offered Transport, Public Works and Tourism. Said one prominent Sunni powerbroker: "I guess Karami thinks that by co-opting a Cabinet rather than forming one through consensus, he can steamroll issues through."

The Cabinet enjoyed a singularly inauspicious debut. No sooner were the assignments announced than Berri refused to have any part of them. Jumblatt decided that he would not join until Berri's grievances were answered. Apparently in sympathy for his father-in-law, ex-President Suleiman Franjeh, who was overlooked in the new Cabinet, Interior Minister-elect Abdullah Rassi also declined to attend the Cabinet's first meeting.

The Shi'ites remain determined that



President Amin Gemayel convenes Lebanon's slimmed down new Cabinet, with Prime Minister Rashid Karami, fourth from left

around and tried to flee. Syrian soldiers opened fire on the retreating auto and gave chase. By the time a special commando team from Israel had been sent to the scene in an effort to rescue its stranded countrymen, the three officials had been captured. They were flown to Damascus, where the Syrian government announced that they would be held as prisoners of war.

Both Syrian and Israeli authorities lost no time in offering their explanations for the curious, combustible incident. As Damascus told it, the radios and cameras indicated that the three Israelis were spies, not tourists; they were mounting a deliberate attempt to infiltrate Syrian lines; moreover, the Israelis were armed and had started shooting first. Israel adamantly claimed that the captives were nothing more than irresponsible civilians. "The Israeli version seems more plausible," said a Western diplomat in Beirut. "But the men were stupid to be in the area, and Jerusalem will be asking some pretty tough questions of those in charge at the Dbayeh liaison office."

That office, where the three Israelis worked as low-ranking security employees, is a quasi-diplomatic Israeli delegation and intelligence-gathering center located in the Christian-held area just north

said a top-ranking Israeli defense official in Tel Aviv. "It might be a game they will regret ever playing."

Meanwhile, a tug of war was developing over Lebanon's new Cabinet. Rashid Karami, 62, had been appointed Prime Minister two weeks ago and asked to form his tenth Cabinet since 1955. It was hoped that Karami, a pro-Syrian Sunni Muslim, would find that a new 26-member Cabinet would be large enough to accommodate all of Lebanon's myriad sectarian interests and make a political reality of the dramatic realignment in the country's balance of military power brought about when Shi'ite militiamen seized control of West Beirut in February.

After days of haggling with factional leaders and after several hours of talks with President Amin Gemayel, Karami unveiled his new plan last week. It surprised most Lebanese and enraged many. For although the proposed Cabinet presently included representatives from all six of Lebanon's main religious groups, it had only ten seats, and it distributed them in a manner that did less to correct the underrepresentation of Shi'ites and Druze in Lebanese politics than to compound it. Shi'ite Leader Nabih Berri, 44, was given the relatively unimportant portfolio of

their recent military victories be reflected in political gains. "Even the defense portfolio was denied us," said Ghassan Siblini, one of Berri's top aides. "What Karami is offering is the status quo, and that is not what we have been fighting for at such a high cost in terms of lives and destruction." Berri demanded that Karami address the Shi'ites' most urgent concerns by establishing two new ministries, one for managing reconstruction and the other for overseeing Israeli-controlled southern Lebanon. "Berri cannot ignore the twin pillars of Shi'ite thinking and remain on top," said a high-ranking Shi'ite official. "If he accepts what he has been offered, his political career will come to an end."

Even as the body created to restore Lebanese unity was torn at by bartering and bickering, Beirut's latest cease-fire was being shattered on a daily basis. Peace-keeping buffer groups were forced to run for cover, and several civilians were killed. The only point of universal agreement was that Lebanon faced what Karami called "a delicate time element that cannot bear delay." War-weary Beirutis have already dubbed the new Cabinet a "last-chance government." With such a shaky debut, the last-chance lineup may not last for long. —By Pico Iyer, Reported by John Borrell/Beirut and David Halevy/Jerusalem

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World

LIBYA

Havoc at Home, Too, for Gaddafi

After 15 years, the colonel faces rising opposition

Libya's Colonel Muammar Gaddafi is often depicted in the West as a volatile dictator, unloved and distrusted on the world stage but firmly in command of his people. That assessment may no longer be altogether true. While his diplomats in London were creating havoc before their expulsion from Britain late last month, reports were circulating in Libya that Gaddafi's troubles were mounting at home. According to Western residents and Libyans in Tripoli, he is less popular today with his 3.2 million countrymen than at any time since he seized power in 1969 from the aging and ineffectual King Idris. Despite the country's tightly controlled press, a highly efficient rumor machine keeps Libyans fairly well informed about the latest groundswells of resentment. The rumors suggest a spectrum of discontent that ranges from Islamic fundamentalists to students to part of the army.

Until now, students and young adults have been the most forceful backers of "the Leader" as he swept aside many traditional social values and replaced them with his own populist ideas. But some of Gaddafi's more recent "reforms," including obligatory military training, have produced considerable disenchantment. Many younger Libyans are also uneasy about the regime's internal repression and its penchant for forcing Gaddafi's austere life-style on everyone. The seriousness of the situation is heightened by the fact that Libya's petroleum-based economy is ailing as a result of the worldwide oil glut.

The demonstration by anti-Gaddafi Libyans outside the country's London embassy three weeks ago was sparked by the hanging on the Fatah University campus in Tripoli last month of two Muslim fundamentalists, a veterinary student and



Colonel Gaddafi in Tripoli

a chemistry graduate. The pair had been in prison for four years but managed nonetheless to keep in contact with a Sunni Muslim student group opposed to what it regarded as Gaddafi's perversion of Muslim teachings. Gaddafi is said to have met with the two imprisoned students on more than one occasion in an effort to "convert" them to his way of thinking, but without success. His patience finally snapped over the issue of drafting women along with men, a proposal Gaddafi favored and the Muslim students fiercely opposed. So did many older Libyans, who were appalled at the idea of teen-age girls serving in army camps alongside men. When conscription for women was finally defeated in February by the People's Congress, the two students became the object of the government's wrath.

It was, by all accounts, a particularly grisly execution. The hangman had to climb onto the shoulders of one of the students, who was so thin that he could not

choke to death, in order to complete the work of the noose. To ensure that the spectacle was properly attended, students were prevented from leaving the campus, but many turned their backs and refused to watch. When the hangings were over, someone in the crowd released a dog wearing a colonel's uniform with quotations from the "Green Book" of Gaddafi's wisdom pinned to the sleeves. Police reportedly chased the dog around the campus and, failing to catch it, shot the animal dead.

The dissatisfaction of some leaders of the armed forces stems in part from the involvement of at least 6,000 Libyan troops in the civil war in Chad. The officers are also reported to be upset about the growth of the "people's army," a politicized militia whose existence threatens the armed forces' influence. Last month Libyan air force planes bombed an army base in Benghazi after all or part of the garrison mutinied. Reports from foreign residents say that about 20 soldiers were killed. But the biggest disruption occurred on March 25 when a mysterious explosion heavily damaged the army's arms and ammunition depot at El Abjar, outside Benghazi. Western observers believe the destruction at El Abjar, the main supply base for Libyan forces on the eastern border with Egypt, could have been caused by Egyptian saboteurs.

The Reagan Administration has made no secret of its dislike of Gaddafi. Secretary of State George Shultz recently called the Libyans "troublemakers in the world" and declared some months ago, "We have to put Gaddafi in a box and close the lid." But how? The U.S. has already virtually severed diplomatic relations, banned Libyan oil imports and restricted the travel of Americans to Libya (though 2,000 still live and work there). The Administration was hopeful that the events in London would lead reluctant Western allies to take similar measures against the recalcitrant Gaddafi.

The chances of that happening are slim. Though they have ample reasons for opposing Gaddafi, the Europeans are simply not interested in "closing the lid." Britain still has 8,500 of its citizens in Libya, Italy has 17,000. Those countries, as well as France, West Germany and, for that matter, the U.S., have considerable business dealings with Libya. While admitting last week that it was difficult to envisage a resumption of relations between Britain and Libya as long as Gaddafi remains in power, a senior British official told TIME: "That doesn't mean we want to engage in operations to bring about his downfall. The world is too dangerous a place for that sort of strategy."

If Gaddafi's position at home continues to weaken, however, he may be forced to pay less attention to funding world terrorism and more to his domestic concerns.

—By William E. Smith,

Reported by Roland Flaminio/Tripoli and Johanna McGeary/Washington



Student volunteers undergo military training at the Army College for Women in Tripoli

Many older Libyans were appalled at the idea of teen-age girls serving in the army with men.

THIS IS THE FIRST

YEAR OF THE

BIG BUST

IN AMERICAN

AIR

CONDITIONING.

The American air conditioning industry's big boom began in the Sixties. When it was all over, tens of millions of units had been sold. Now, because the typical life expectancy of those boom babies was 10 to 15 years, the big bust is on. Millions have died. Many more will, under this summer's workload. So here's what we at Carrier are doing: we're going to buy every one of those rattly old boomers, regardless of its make, when its owner has us replace it with a new Carrier energy-saving model. Your participating Carrier Dealer has a blue book that indicates your old one's buy-up value. He should check your equipment now to see if it's O.K., or should be repaired, or carted off and replaced. He's in the Yellow Pages. Or, you can simply call 1 (800) C-A-R-R-I-E-R.

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HERE'S TO THE RIGHT STUFF AND THOSE WHO HAVE IT.

Before Chuck Yeager turned 22, he showed the world what he was made of by shooting down thirteen enemy planes in World War II. Five in one day.

But it wasn't until after the war, when still only 24, that Yeager began to tackle an even more dangerous adversary: the untested limits of space.

He went on to become the first man to break the sound barrier, the first to travel at more than twice that speed (over 1600 mph) and one of the first pilots to reach the edge of space, taking a plane above 100,000 feet.

If there's ever been anyone who had "the right stuff", it's Chuck Yeager. Especially when it comes to the Scotch he drinks: Cutty Sark.



Charles "Chuck" Yeager

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BRITAIN

Murder Clues

Secrets of the Libyan embassy

Home Secretary Leon Brittan was half-way through a speech to the House of Commons last week when an aide slipped him a piece of paper. Brittan had been delivering a report on the peaceful conclusion to the siege of St. James's Square, where two weeks earlier an unidentified gunman inside the Libyan embassy had fired an automatic weapon at a crowd of Libyan dissidents outside, killing Constable Yvonne Fletcher and wounding eleven demonstrators. After glancing quickly at the message, Brittan declared that police had a few moments earlier found handguns and ammunition in the vacated embassy. More significant, he also announced the discovery of "firearms residue," on a carpet, as well as a spent cartridge case near the upstairs window from which police believe the gunman fired.

The search of the embassy had begun a day earlier in an atmosphere of extreme caution. Fearful that the departing Libyans had left time bombs or booby traps behind, police used a remote-controlled shotgun to blast open a rear door of the building. Searchers crawled through the Victorian sewers beneath the square to make sure that the Libyans had not disposed of gelignite they were thought to possess by flushing it down a toilet. By nightfall, all 70 rooms in the embassy had been examined and no explosives found. Detectives speculated that the murder weapon and any unused ammunition for it had been removed by the departing Libyans in diplomatic bags, which under the Vienna Convention of 1961 cannot be searched.

Next day, in a more thorough examination, police discovered the spent cartridge case almost hidden in a corner near the window overlooking the square. They also found seven handguns, two ammunition clips and two pistol grips for a submachine gun, as well as twelve bulletproof vests and an assortment of ammunition. The discovery was made in the presence of a Saudi Arabian diplomat accompanying the searchers as an independent observer.

Nonetheless, Libyan Leader Muammar Gaddafi, who had insisted from the beginning that the shots were fired from outside the embassy, accused the British of falsifying the evidence. Not surprisingly, Libya announced that pistols and ammunition had been discovered in the British embassy in Tripoli, a charge Britain denied. Gaddafi repeated his previous threat to resume Libyan aid to Irish Republican Army terrorists as a means of punishing Britain for expelling his diplomats, but promised that there would be "no danger at all" to the Britons living in Libya.

In his Commons statement, Brittan disclosed that the government had narrowed its list of suspects in Constable Fletcher's murder down to two of the 30

Libyans in the embassy. Nonetheless, he emphasized, there was insufficient proof to name the killer and, in any event, the suspect would have been able to claim diplomatic immunity from prosecution. Brittan announced that the government would be taking steps to restrict the entry of Libyan citizens into the country and to keep closer tabs on the 6,500 already there. In addition, the government is expected to take a careful look at the 270 Libyans enrolled in a British Airways engineering course at London's Heathrow Airport. Heathrow was the scene of an unexplained bomb blast last month during the height of the siege at St. James's Square.



Searching for explosives beneath the square

An exercise conducted with extreme caution.

Though she had remained on the sidelines throughout the crisis, Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher defended herself and her government in the House of Commons last week. When opposition members called for an outside inquiry into the embassy siege, the Prime Minister flatly refused. Said she: "It would compromise the sources and damage the effectiveness of our intelligence services."

With the Libyan crisis apparently behind her, Thatcher chose the fifth anniversary of her 1979 election victory to announce that she plans to lead her party into the next general election, which must be held by 1988. No Prime Minister has won a third straight term since William Pitt the Younger did it in 1796. Thatcher remains confident despite a poor showing by the Conservatives in last week's local elections. A public opinion poll published by the Sunday Observer found that 79% of those interviewed were willing to describe Thatcher as the country's "toughest Prime Minister since Churchill," though at the same time 62% agreed with the statement that "she acts too much like a dictator." ■

IRELAND

Forum Fizzle

A call for Irish unity is rebuffed

Overhead, one of the 18th century frescoes on the ceiling of St. Patrick's Hall depicted King Henry II receiving the surrender of Irish chieftains in 1171. Beneath the figures, in the gilded hall of Dublin Castle, which was once the seat of British rule in Ireland, politicians from the North and South gathered last week to sign the long-awaited report of the New Ireland Forum, a promised blueprint for the future of the troubled land. Unfortunately, the forum's call for new solutions had already evoked a curt dismissal. Early that morning, Dublin residents awoke to find posters slapped on the city's central post office, the scene of the 1916 Easter rebellion against British rule. The uncompromising message: **ULSTER IS BRITISH.**

For eleven months, the leaders of three main political parties in the Irish Republic and one overwhelmingly Catholic party in the North had sought fresh alternatives that might lead to Irish unity. The final result of their deliberations, a 42-page, 14,000-word report, is a searching investigation into the island's social, cultural, economic and political relationships. After 41 formal sessions, 56 meetings of party leaders and more than 300 submissions from interested outsiders, the forum condemned the "failed British solutions" to bring stability to Northern Ireland.

Instead, it suggested three alternative options. One would absorb Ulster into a "unitary state" independent of Britain and governed from Dublin, with constitutional guarantees safeguarding both Protestants and Catholics. Another envisioned a federal arrangement in which North and South would retain some autonomy, but would be ruled by a central, confederal government. Last, an agreement would be reached by which the North would be jointly administered by Dublin and London.

While John Hume, head of Ulster's moderate Social Democratic and Labor Party, did his best to mediate, Irish Prime Minister Garret FitzGerald and former Irish Prime Minister Charles Haughey disagreed sharply over the options. Not surprisingly, the most formidable opposition to the forum's report was from Ulster's majority Protestants. Led by the militant Rev. Ian Paisley, they have staunchly resisted any link with the predominantly Catholic republic, effectively foreclosing the forum. Indeed, Paisley and his supporters traveled to the Irish capital under cover of darkness to demonstrate their contemptuous response to the report at the Dublin post office.

For his part, British Secretary for Northern Ireland James Prior expressed doubt that "any dramatic initiative" was possible and scolded the forum for its "nationalist interpretation of past events." Other senior British officials dismissed the options for Irish unification as "shallow" and "naive." ■

Economy & Business

The Superstars of Merger

Behind a record wave of acquisitions are investment bankers and huge fees

They all work within a few minutes' walk from one another, either on Wall Street or in midtown Manhattan. They operate with the secrecy of KGB agents and the cold nerves of hired gunslingers. In a matter of hours they can build up a corporate empire or cause a company to vanish. Their services command huge fees, yet they are among the least known men in American business.

The members of this elite group, who number no more than a score, are the merger and acquisition specialists of the top American investment banks. They

to Social and Gulf, mergermen have put Texaco and Getty Oil together in a \$10.1 billion corporate marriage and arranged a \$5.7 billion combine of Mobil and Superior Oil. During the first three months of 1984, company mergers valued at a total of \$34 billion took place. Should they continue at this rate, the old annual record of \$82.6 billion set in 1981 will easily be broken.

Last week Esmark, the big Chicago conglomerate, announced that it was approving a \$2.4 billion takeover by Kohlberg, Kravis, Roberts & Co., a New York

Mergermaking draws the top performers in investment banking: hugely competitive individuals who are blessed with hard-learned savvy, Wall Street smarts and plenty of gall. Says Joseph Flom, a top corporate lawyer who specializes in takeover cases: "You have to have nerve. You've got to be able to make tough calls on the spur of the moment with split-second timing. You've got to have the right stuff."

One of the bankers' chief talents is sheer endurance. The work is fast-paced and often requires exhausting hours. The



Morgan Stanley's Joseph C. Fogg III helped mastermind the biggest takeover in American history



Geoffrey Boisi of Goldman Sachs aided Getty

are the financiers of capitalism, raising funds for corporations with stock and bond issues, as well as trading securities for their own accounts. The best known of their breed was J.P. Morgan, the great financier who died in 1913. Morgan once wrote, "My job is more fun than being king, pope, or prime minister, for no one can turn me out of it, and I don't have to make any compromises with principles." He might have added that his job was also more lucrative. When Morgan Stanley & Co., a successor to the House of Morgan, helped mastermind the \$13.2 billion merger of Gulf Oil and Standard Oil of California in March, history's biggest, it earned a fee of \$16.5 million.

Such bonanzas are making 1984 the best year ever for dealmaking. In addition

City investment firm. A bidding war for Esmark, whose brand names include Avis car rental and Max Factor cosmetics, might get started. The price of Esmark's stock immediately shot up in expectation of a takeover battle. Said one Esmark official: "We hear that there are higher offers, and the investment bankers are out looking for them right now."

Whether it involves finding a buyer for a company like Esmark or plotting the hostile takeover of an unsuspecting firm, mergermaking has become perhaps the choicest job in American finance. "This is the era of the superstars in the merger and acquisition world," says Ivan Boesky, the merger investment specialist. "You've got perhaps ten men guiding the future of corporate America."

job of ferreting out prospective acquisitions routinely requires twelve-hour days. Then, when the bidding starts, the bankers have to be ready to sacrifice their personal lives to the deal. As a result, almost all the top mergermakers are in their 30s or 40s. Jay Higgins, 38, the head of Salomon Brothers' merger department, spent six months working twelve hours a day nearly seven days a week to help Gulf Oil fend off a hostile takeover by a group of investors led by T. Boone Pickens' Mesa Petroleum. The payoff came when Gulf merged with Social. "Don't get me wrong," says Higgins. "I'm not complaining. But you never know when a deal is going to be done, and it's almost impossible to plan a weekend or a dinner."

Observes Geoffrey Boisi, 36, a top mer-



Jay Higgins of Salomon Brothers guided Gulf

prematurely, it can drive up the price of the target company or invite competing offers. At Merrill Lynch Capital Markets, the investment banking arm of the big brokerage house, phones are swept for eavesdropping equipment and trash is routinely shredded. The staff is trained not to talk in elevators or on public transportation, and code names are used when a deal is in progress. Explains Ken Miller, 41, who heads the 35-person department: "We don't want any slip-ups."

When companies clash in an unfriendly takeover, the bankers become field commanders, designing offensive and defensive maneuvers. The Morgan Stanley team, led by Joseph C. Fogg III, has advised Carter Hawley Hale, the California department-store chain, on strategies to protect itself from a \$1.1 billion hostile takeover by The Limited, a fast-growing group of women's specialty stores. Carter Hawley Hale asked General Cinema, a group of movie theaters, to come to its aid by buying some of its preferred stock, and offered General Cinema one of its "crown jewels": the profitable

is losing its old, genteel overtones of Ivy League colleges and gentlemen's social clubs. Companies have got more fickle and change bankers with greater frequency. Says Felix Rohatyn of Lazard Frères, who built his reputation as a dealmaker during the 1960s: "Relationships are no longer as important as individual transactions. There is simply not the amount of long-term trust between clients and their investment bankers that there once was."

The rewards of mergemaking remain enormous. The fees for a completed deal can run as much as 1.5% of the merger price, and are paid regardless of whether a company's takeover battle plan is successful, or even how much work the banker does. Gulf will pay Merrill Lynch and Salomon Brothers \$46 million in fees when it is bought by Socal. In the Getty-Texaco merger, Goldman Sachs, representing Getty, did most of the work and First Boston "just carried Texaco's baggage," according to one participant. Still, First Boston will receive \$10 million from Texaco.

Such enormous fees raise questions. Some critics wonder whether deals are pursued because of the payoff, not because they are in the client's best interest. Rohatyn is one who thinks that payments have got out of hand. Says he: "The level of fees has reached a point that is difficult to justify and invites the suspicion that there is too much incentive to do a deal. Fees are sometimes ten times as large when a deal closes as when it doesn't, so you'd almost have to be a saint not to be affected by the numbers involved."

Not surprisingly, the bankers defend their charges. Explains James Maher, First Boston's managing director: "We have this incredible infrastructure, and it is geared up all the time, whether we get the business or not. For every successful transaction, there can be ten or 15 we do not make."

Some clients agree with the high fees. Former Chairman John Duncan of St. Joe Minerals credits First Boston with getting an extra \$670 million, or \$15 a share, when his company was sold to Fluor Corp. Recalls Duncan: "First Boston knew all the tricks. We got more than our money's worth." Says Michael Callahan, senior vice president of Quaker Oats, who worked closely with Salomon Brothers and Goldman Sachs when Quaker Oats bought Stokely-Van Camp last year: "Our business is food, and not mergers. So whenever we go shopping, we seek professional help."

The company shopping is expected to be especially good in coming weeks. Many firms enjoying high profits are flush with cash and hunting for acquisitions. Among the possible targets: high-tech companies whose stocks have fallen, financial services and energy companies. With opportunities plentiful, there will be no shortage of mergers to make the deals. —By Alexander L. Taylor III, Reported by Thomas McCarroll and Adam Zagorin/New York



Merrill Lynch's Ken Miller advises code names, antieavesdropping devices and paper shredders

germaker at Goldman Sachs: "We're a psychiatrist, a father confessor, a coach as well as a financial architect. Sometimes we have to be the bastards in the background who hold the line." When Pennzoil offered \$12.50 a share for Getty Oil last January, Boisi was convinced the bid was too low. So beginning at 7:30 one morning, he phoned six U.S. oil companies and the government of Saudi Arabia to find another buyer. Within 48 hours, Texaco responded with a higher offer. When Pennzoil, advised by Lazard Frères, was slow to close the deal, Texaco moved in. The final price for Getty: \$10.1 billion, or \$128 a share.

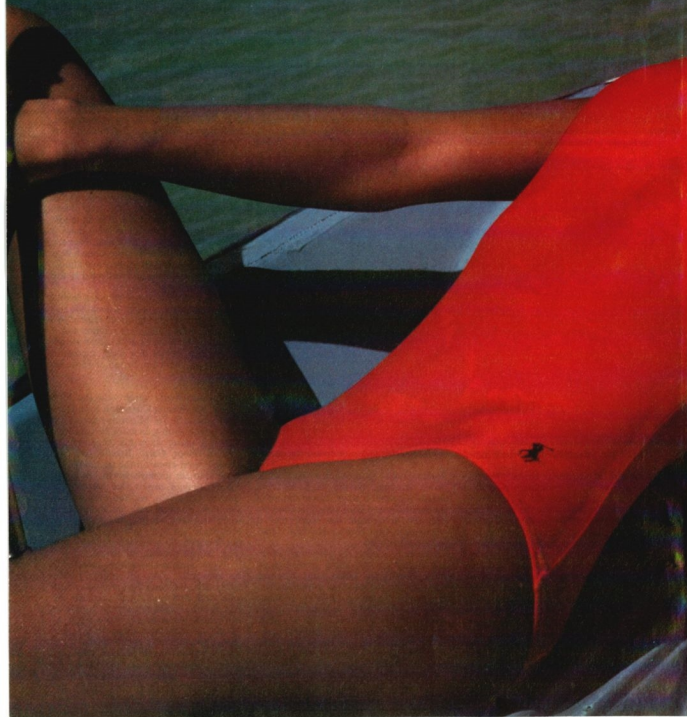
Despite their derring-do, dealmakers are little known outside financial circles. One reason is their penchant for secrecy. If word of a prospective merger gets out

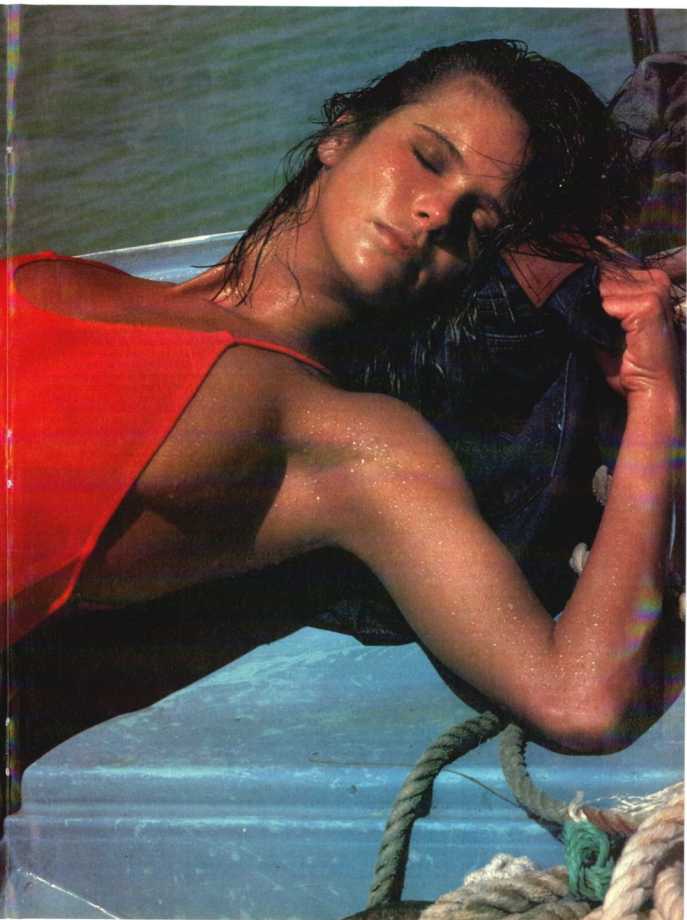
Waldenbooks chain. Another part of the firm's strategy, buying back its own shares of common stock, raised the ire of the Securities and Exchange Commission. The SEC announced last week that it would sue Carter Hawley Hale for violating securities laws.

Already intense, the pressures of mergemaking are becoming even tighter. More investment banks are switching from private partnerships to public ownership. The latest is Lehman Brothers Kuhn Loeb, which is due to be bought by Shearson/American Express. With shareholders to satisfy and profits publicly reported, investment banks must push harder to show earnings increases every quarter.

At the same time, investment banking

Ralph  Lauren





Economy & Business

Early Warning

Auto bonuses could backfire

Trade Representative William Brock has been one of Detroit's best friends. For three years, he helped pressure the Japanese into accepting quotas on their auto exports to the U.S. But last week he sounded like a friend betrayed. Angered by the huge bonuses being given auto executives, Brock warned that the Reagan Administration, if re-elected, would probably not ask Japan to renew the quotas when they expire next March. "Our reluctance," he told the *Washington Post*, "would be a mile wide and a mile deep." Brock admitted that he was not speaking for the White House, but added, "I don't know of anyone in the Administration who will disagree with me."

Ending import curbs would threaten the auto companies' high-octane recovery. Sales of U.S.-built cars surged 36% in the last ten days of April, and the industry expects a record \$10 billion profit this year. It is in this atmosphere that Detroit paid out a grand total of \$314 million in bonuses for 1983. General Motors paid bonuses that averaged \$31,289 to 5,807 executives, while Ford gave an average of \$13,372 to 6,035 managers. If shareholders agree, Chrysler plans bonuses that average \$35,222 for 1,465 executives. Says Ford Chairman Philip Caldwell: "We cannot run a successful company with mediocre people. We have to offer incentives."

The United Auto Workers argues that if quotas are lifted, the Japanese share of the U.S. market will jump from about 22% to 40%. By the union's count, 200,000 American jobs would be lost. Says U.A.W. President Owen Bieber: "Brock apparently wants to punish the workers for the greed of their bosses."

Peter Zaglio, an industry expert with the investment banking firm Lehman Brothers Kuhn Loeb, predicts that an end to quotas would slash auto profits by more than 50% in 1985. Ford and American Motors would suffer the worst setbacks because they have made no deals to distribute Japanese cars. Chrysler might be able to maintain its market share by selling more models from its Japanese partner, Mitsubishi. The only company to favor a removal of import curbs is General Motors, which plans to sell Suzuki and Isuzu cars through its Chevrolet dealers.

Quotas have helped boost the average price of an American car by 17.4%, to \$10,527, since 1981, while imports have gone up 23%, to \$11,008. To some degree, Brock pointed out, American consumers are paying for those hefty Detroit bonuses. ■



The Great Plains Coal Gasification Project near Beulah, N. Dak., is slated to receive federal funds

Portrait of a Federal Fiasco

The Synthetic Fuels Corporation is mired in mismanagement

In the dark days of the Iranian Revolution in 1979, Jimmy Carter left a week-long retreat at Camp David with a plan to free the U.S. from its bondage to OPEC oil. He proposed creating an \$88 billion Energy Security Corporation that would encourage alternative energy projects, primarily through loan and price guarantees. The ambitious goal: to produce the equivalent of 2.5 million bbl. of oil per day by 1990. When Carter signed the Energy Security Act on June 30, 1980, he declared, "The keystone of a national energy policy is finally being put into place."

Four years later, the Synthetic Fuels Corporation is in a shambles. Bankrolled by a onetime \$15 billion congressional appropriation, the SFC has financed only two projects. In the past year, charges of gross mismanagement and top-level resignations have plagued the 175-member SFC staff. Michigan Democrat Howard Wolpe has gathered 188 House signatures on a bill to block the SFC from spending any more money until Congress figures out what the agency should be doing. Says Wolpe: "We have created a fiscal Frankenstein that is beyond the control of the Executive and Legislative branches."

The latest chapter in the synfuel saga began two weeks ago with the resignation of Victor Thompson, 59, who had been the SFC's \$135,000-a-year president for just two months. Thompson's departure means that the SFC board does not have enough members to conduct business legally. Thompson had replaced Victor Schroeder, the organization's first president, who resigned from the post in August amid a flurry of allegations, among them that he had charged \$25,000 in home interest payments to the corporation. Just days after Thompson accepted his new job, the Securities and Exchange Commission filed a complaint against Utica Bankshares of Tulsa, a bank hold-

ing company that Thompson had recently headed. The SEC charged that Utica had violated federal securities laws in 1982 by underreporting its estimated losses. Thompson had failed to let other board members know that his bank was the target of a securities probe. It has also been disclosed that while serving on the SFC board, Thompson tried to sell Utica stock to Texas Oilman Belton K. Johnson, even as Johnson sought multimillion-dollar subsidies from the SFC for two tar-sands projects. Last week the agency asked the Justice Department to look into bringing criminal charges against Thompson.

Last amid the continuing turmoil is the SFC mandate to increase the U.S. energy supply. So far it has granted \$120 million for the Cool Water Coal Gasification Project in the Mojave Desert and \$620 million for a coal gasification project in Plaquemine, La. The agency has issued letters of intent to four other projects, including one for \$365 million to Signal Energy Systems' Northern Peat Project in Maine and another for \$790 million to the Great Plains Coal Gasification Project in North Dakota, which has received \$2 billion in loan guarantees from the U.S. Energy Department. Energy Secretary Donald Hodel acknowledges that "drilling in America would produce much more oil" than the SFC will get for its \$15 billion.

Despite all the troubles, SFC Chairman Edward Noble last week remained stubbornly upbeat about the agency's future. Said he: "It would be tragic to see it all stop right now. We're right on the verge of having an option that will be real, with just a few more projects." Indeed, the long-term energy independence of the U.S. depends on a strong synfuels program. The problem remains how to achieve that goal through an SFC mired in controversy.

—By Robert T. Grievess.

Reported by Jay Branegan/Washington



William Brock

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Economy & Business

Mining China

Chairman Hammer's Venture

Armund Hammer seems to go on forever. Last week he formally teamed up with a people who have gone on forever, the Chinese. The 85-year-old chairman of Occidental Petroleum signed an agreement with the People's Republic for the largest Sino-U.S. deal yet: a \$580 million venture to mine coal from a huge pit at Antaibao, 310 miles west of Peking.

Hammer is an old hand at working with governments nervous about outsiders. In the 1920s he struck business deals with the fledgling Soviet state, and to this day Moscow holds Hammer in the highest trust. Two weeks ago, Hammer asked the Kremlin for permission to make a short cut across the Soviet Union to Peking from London, where he had been dining with Prince Charles. The unusual request was swiftly granted.

Once in China, Hammer received equally good treatment. The signing was toasted at a sumptuous banquet at Peking's Great Hall of the People. Hammer had timed the event to coincide with President Reagan's trip, but the President was sightseeing in Xian that day. So the confident Hammer spoke for him: "I know he's very pleased that I've done this."

Occidental and its American partner in the mining project, Omaha contractor Peter Kiewit Sons, will contribute about



A capitalist with his Communist partners

"I never doubted it would happen."

\$340 million to the operation, chiefly in the form of equipment and engineering talent. China will put up another \$240 million. The 30-year agreement calls for the Chinese eventually to take over management. Antaibao's 1.4 billion tons of proven reserves could make it the world's largest open-pit mine after production starts in 1987. Its high-grade coal will be sold to Pacific-basin countries, but low-quality coal will go to the domestic market.

Hammer is not concerned about the recent weak price of coal, which dropped

from \$52 to \$40 a ton in the important Japanese market last year. He believes oil prices are on the rebound and that the price of coal will go up. In the Chinese deal, the price will be allowed to float with world supply and demand, but the miners' wages still have to be worked out. At one point, the Chinese insisted that their miners be paid \$12 an hour, nearly what U.S. miners get on average. Occidental thought that was unreasonable.

The Chinese are still uneasy about the role of foreign capital in their economy, which was opened up to Western investment in 1979. Hammer's deal almost fell apart a number of times, only to be saved by the personal intervention of Deng Xiaoping, China's top man. When he and Hammer met before the signing, they were seen bear-hugging each other. Said Hammer: "I never doubted it would happen as long as Deng was behind me. He never failed me."

The Chinese still have a long way to go before they inspire widespread confidence in Western businessmen. China's legal system, for example, makes it difficult to reach agreements. But progress is being made. A new national patent law, which will help protect Western technology imported into China, is now in effect. Other new laws help resolve disputes between China and foreign companies. Those reforms should make it easier for others to follow Chairman Hammer's lead. —By John S. DeMott, Reported by Jaime FlorCruz/Peking

Testing and Protesting

After eight years of delays, the expenditure of \$4.9 billion and the arrest of more than 3,000 protesters, the controversial Diablo Canyon nuclear plant last week started low-power testing. But within six hours of operation, plant engineers noticed that a stuck valve had begun channeling nonradioactive water into a holding tank instead of into the reactor's cooling system. Ten minutes after the discovery, however, the valve was closed, and testing continued. "We expect events like this to take place," said George Sarkisian, a spokesman for Pacific Gas & Electric, which operates the plant. "It's all part of the low-power testing process."

Opponents have been demonstrating at Diablo Canyon for 16 years, and last week they were there again. About 130 demonstrators showed up for start-up day, and five were arrested.

Problems have plagued Diablo Canyon for years. Soon after construction began, geologists discovered that the plant was being built near the Hosgri fault line. Their findings prompted an overhaul of its structural design. In 1976 PG & E had to replace miles of copper tubing when scientists found that sea life near the plant had been killed by toxic runoff from its piping. Then in 1981 construction came to a halt because some blueprints were discovered to have been reversed.

Diablo Canyon engineers hope that all the troubles are now behind them. The plant will continue testing at no more than 5% capacity until next fall, when it should begin producing nuclear power. Opponents say that their next move is to stop the facility from ever becoming fully operational.



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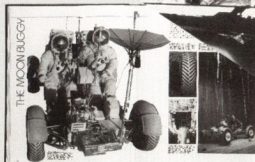
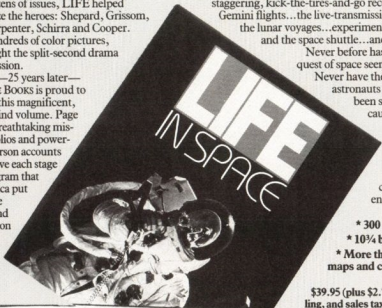
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A Move to Ease Death's Sting

After an eleven-year fight, the FTC curbs undertakers

More than two decades have passed since Jessica Mitford, in her 1963 exposé *The American Way of Death*, attacked the U.S. funeral industry as a "grotesque cloud-cuckoo-land where the trappings of Gracious Living are transformed, as in a nightmare, into the trappings of Gracious Dying." Mitford accused morticians of inflating funeral costs by foisting upon grieving customers such frills as high-fashion gravegear for the body and ornate caskets equipped with comfortable innerspring mattresses. Though the book stirred public indignation and helped lead to numerous investigations of the funeral business, it was not until last week that the U.S. Government finally took action to ease death's sting to the pocketbook.

After an eleven-year fight with the funeral industry that dragged through Congress and the courts, the Federal Trade Commission put into effect regulations that require undertakers to give customers detailed price information, even over the telephone. The new rules also prohibit morticians from misleading people into thinking that some services, like embalming, are always required by law.

Funeral directors must give potential customers an itemized price list of all products and services, from the casket to the cosmetics used on the corpse. Up to now, many morticians have offered only one-price package deals that automatically included things that the customer might not want, such as flowers, embalming, body deodorants or an engraved casket name plate. Says Marcia Goldberg, executive director of the Continental Association of Funeral and Memorial Societies: "I've come across cases in which funeral parlors have tried to charge for putting new pantyhose on the body."

The FTC thinks that giving customers the option of rejecting extras will help reduce funeral costs. The average price is about \$2,400 and can go much higher. At the Ritter Funeral Home in Milwaukee,

the prices range from \$580 for a cardboard casket and transport for immediate burial to \$6,995 for a full-service funeral with the top-of-the-line bronze casket.

Some funeral directors say that expensive coffins will prevent a body from decaying or that bodies must be in caskets before they can be cremated. The new rules forbid such misleading claims. In addition, morticians must notify customers that embalming is not legally required in most circumstances. Many funeral directors embalm routinely. In one instance a truck driver was burned beyond recognition in an Illinois crash. Nonetheless, the funeral home charged his family for embalming and cosmetology.

Such cases are rare, say funeral industry officials, who argue that their business has been regulated tightly enough at the state level. They contend that itemized funeral price lists, which are required in some states, are already common throughout the U.S. Says David Bohardt, executive director of the National Funeral Directors Association: "What the Government has done is taken the world's largest sledgehammer to kill the smallest ant on record."

The FTC began investigating funeral directors in 1972 and, after lengthy public hearings, proposed regulations in 1979. But Congress, influenced by a \$1.5 million lobbying effort by the industry, asked the FTC to reconsider its action and hold more hearings. After Congress finally accepted new rules in 1982, the funeral directors fought them in court. The battle climaxed in January when the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in Richmond ruled in favor of the FTC.

The industry decided not to appeal to the Supreme Court. Says Bohardt: "You reach a point where you have to, with some grace, say you're not going to win this one." The funeral industry's customers, who face difficult decisions at a time of deep sorrow, should be the ultimate winners.

—By Charles P. Alexander.
Reported by Christopher Redman/Washington

Double Play

ABC buys ESPN cable service

Cable television has been a money-consuming swamp for the companies that own the three major networks. CBS folded its cultural channel in 1982 after losing an estimated \$30 million. RCA, the parent company of NBC, dropped \$17 million on the Entertainment Channel before closing it last year. ABC and its partner, Westinghouse, gave up on their Satellite News venture last October, selling out to Turner Broadcasting System for \$25 million. Despite all that, ABC last week plunged into the coaxial morass again with its biggest cable venture ever. The company paid \$202 million for the U.S.'s most popular cable service, the Entertainment and Sports Programming Network, a 24-hour channel with 30 million subscribers. ABC already owned 15% of ESPN, and will buy the remainder from Texaco, which is conducting a garage sale of unwanted properties obtained when it bought Getty Oil.

The Connecticut-based ESPN ranks among the cable channels most likely to succeed. The network offers round-the-clock sports, ranging from college basketball to Australian football. On weekday mornings, ESPN supplies two hours of financial news on its popular *Business Times* program. Despite an unanticipated loss of more than \$80 million since its start five years ago, the channel is expected to break even by the first quarter of



1985. Last year advertising sales, the bulk of ESPN's revenue, jumped 60%, to \$40 million.

Ownership of ESPN will further ABC's overall dominance in sports programming, an area where the network never settles for the silver medal. ABC paid a record \$225 million for television rights to the Summer Games, and the company last January won an auction for the 1988 Calgary Winter Games with an unprecedented offer of \$309 million. Said William Suter, who follows broadcasting at Merrill Lynch: "It was a natural fit. They'll do a lot for each other." ABC will gain a huge audience of subscribers, and ESPN will share in ABC's access to events like the U.S. Open golf tournament. Together, the two networks will have even greater bidding power on future events. ■

Religion



John Paul, flanked by Cardinal Kim, leaving shrine honoring the Korean martyrs

Papal Nod to a Christian Boom

Protestants and Catholics are thriving in the "Hermit Kingdom"

“Is it not a joy indeed to have a friend come from afar?” Gracefully quoting those words from Confucius, Pope John Paul II last week began a five-day visit to South Korea,* a land where exuberant Christianity today all but overshadows Confucianism. The welcoming ceremony for the Pontiff was sedate, since Seoul’s airport had been swept virtually clean of on-lookers. Extraordinary security preparations, caused in part by assassination threats, were everywhere evident—and perhaps necessary. Sunday morning, three days after his arrival, the Pope was en route to Seoul’s Myong Dong Cathedral when a deranged-looking young man dashed out from the crowd and, assuming a shooter’s crouch about 35 ft. from John Paul’s bulletproof car, brandished what looked like a handgun. An alert policeman fired one shot into the roadway in front of the man, who threw his “weapon” to the ground; it proved to be a plastic toy. The man raised his arms with fists clenched before he was hustled away.

Before the incident, the crowds greeting the Pontiff in cities like Taegu and Pusan as well as Seoul were large and enthusiastic. At Kwangju, site of an antigovernment protest in which at least 183 people died, the Pope was greeted by thunderous applause and cheers from 70,000 who had gathered for a stadium Mass. In his address, John Paul spoke of those “haunted by the memory of the unfortunate events of this place.” Throughout his trip, and even during a private meeting with President Chun Doo-Hwan, John Paul

*This week he moves on to Papua New Guinea, the Solomon Islands and Thailand.

pointedly appealed for human rights and the dignity of workers.

But his major mission was to acknowledge one of Christianity’s most strategic centers in Asia and to celebrate the 200th anniversary of Roman Catholicism in Korea. The influence of Christian churches in South Korea was evident on Sunday when, right after the “shooting” scare, the Pope presided over rites canonizing 103 martyrs, the first such group ceremony outside of Rome. The new saints were killed under 19th century monarchs of the Yi dynasty, who suppressed what was then a tiny, alien sect. The site of the canonization Mass, Seoul’s Yoido Plaza, is usually reserved for the May 8 observance of Buddha’s birthday. But since the Catholics’ ten-story cross and shell-shaped altar were too monumental to be dismantled in time, the Buddhists agreed to step aside.

Few nations are being Christianized more rapidly than South Korea. At the end of World War II, only about 5% of South Koreans were Christians. Today the figure is at least 20% of the country’s 40 million population, a higher percentage than any other Asian country’s except the Philippines’ 83.5%. An estimated 16% of South Koreans are Buddhist, and 13% are Confucianist. Millions retain some adherence to various forms of shamanism, a primitive folk religion.

Church membership is increasing by about 10% a year, especially among the young. Half of college freshmen identify themselves as Christians. Catholics now number 1.7 million, but the Christian renewal is primarily among the 6.5 million Protestants. (Such quasi-Christian sects

as the Olive Tree Church and Sun Myung Moon’s Unification Church are far smaller.) The signs of prosperity are vividly apparent in Seoul’s Sunday-morning steeple bells. The Pentecostalist Full Gospel Central Church, with 370,000 members, claims to be the largest congregation of any kind, anywhere.

When the first group of Korean Catholic converts formed in 1784, Korea was known as the “Hermit Kingdom” because of its isolation. The new faith was not welcome, and as many as 10,000 Catholics were executed in the next few decades. The first Protestant missionary arrived in 1884, just as religious tolerance was taking hold. Elsewhere in Asia, Christianity was identified with Western exploitation, but in Korea—particularly after Japan annexed the peninsula in 1910—it was allied with the national independence movement. Meanwhile, even non-Christians considered Buddhism corrupt and Confucianism elitist. Horace Grant Underwood, a U.S. Presbyterian missionary who teaches at Seoul’s Yonsei University, argues that Protestantism represented “a new view of history, new knowledge, new progress of all kinds.” More than Catholics, the Protestants with their emphasis on the role of the laity were able to reach the common people.

Christianity also remained a refuge for the politically isolated. After the Japanese occupation ended in 1945, a harsh Communist regime in North Korea sought to exterminate religion and drove more than 300,000 Christians to the South. When the late President Park Chung Hee consolidated his tough martial-law rule in the 1970s, Christianity was drawn into South Korean political conflict. As in Poland, churches were the only independent avenues for political and labor dissent. One of the boldest champions of Korean human rights has been Stephen Sou-Hwan Cardinal Kim.

With its current rapid growth, Christianity is now facing some of the problems of success. Despite the activism of some pastors, the majority have avoided politics; some liberal U.S. church leaders accuse them of selling out to the government and business to protect their own interests. Presbyterian Philosopher Son Bong Ho of Seoul National University worries about other consequences of the churches’ prosperity. “Numbers take precedence over purity,” he complains, noting that some preachers lure converts with the promise of worldly success. Adversaries have warned the Pope that the Catholic Church is also growing too fast to instruct new adherents properly. Despite those tensions, however, Christianity in South Korea enjoys a strength and vitality that many older churches in the West can only envy. —By Richard N. Ostling. Reported by Edwin M. Reingold/Seoul and Roberto Suro with the Pope

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Press

An Absence of Malice

The Supreme Court rules in favor of Consumers Union

"It's time for a feast." So declared New York Lawyer Floyd Abrams last week after the Supreme Court handed the U.S. press its first major libel victory in more than a decade. The case involved Consumers Union, the publisher of the product-rating magazine *Consumer Reports* (estimated circ. 3 million). The non-profit organization had lost a \$210,000 libel judgment to Bose Corp., a Massachusetts electronics manufacturer, for a 1970 article that criticized one of the firm's loudspeakers. A federal appeals court overturned the award in November 1982. The Supreme Court upheld that decision by a 6-to-3 vote and in doing so underscored the vital role of appellate courts in reviewing libel actions. Writing for the majority, Justice John Paul Stevens argued that judges must satisfy themselves that "the record establishes actual malice with convincing clarity."

In defending the right of free expression in published criticism, the court reassured journalists and lawyers who feared that the Justices might undermine their 1964 ruling in *New York Times vs. Sullivan*. That decision established that to sue journalists for libel, public officials—later extended to public figures—must prove "actual malice," meaning that statements were made with the knowledge that they were false, or with reckless disregard for the truth. Said Rochester, N.Y., Libel Attorney John McCrory: "We were all terribly worried that the court was ready to repudiate *Sullivan* by abandoning it as a standard, or eroding it." That, says Lawyer Abrams, would have "changed the world in terms of libel." Instead, he said, the court has produced a "landmark decision" preserving a law that "seemed in jeopardy."

The ruling was also a relief for reviewers. Last December a Manhattan jury awarded libel damages to a restaurateur who sued a publisher over an article that criticized his food. That verdict seemed to threaten all critics whose reviews are less than glowing. Had last week's Supreme Court decision gone the other way, says William Rice, editor of *Food & Wine* magazine, "it would have caused us a great deal of hesitation and soul searching in terms of what we could and should print."

The Justices may have helped discourage arbitrary libel actions against the press by reaffirming the right of appellate judges to conduct their own reviews in such cases. Said Washington Libel Lawyer Bruce Sanford: "This sends a message

to libel plaintiffs that they can't go out and inflame the antinews bias of jurors and expect the appeals courts to wink." According to the Libel Defense Resource Center, journalists who are sued for libel lose 83% of jury trials, but win at the appeals level in 70% of the cases.

In the *Consumer Reports* article, an evaluation of several loudspeaker systems,



The issue that started it all; left, Bose 901 speaker

tems, the Bose model 901 was criticized for producing sounds that "tended to wander about the room." Bose Corp. sued in federal court in Boston, claiming product disparagement. After extensive testimony from the engineer responsible for the choice of words, the judge hearing the case ruled that the published statement had been false, since the sound actually wandered "along the wall." He further held that Consumers Union was guilty of malice because the engineer was too intelligent to have made the error inadvertently.

The U.S. Court of Appeals for the First Circuit rejected that reasoning. "Consumers Union was guilty of using imprecise language in the article," the court conceded in throwing out the award, but "this does not support an inference of actual malice." Bose went to the Supreme Court, where its attorneys argued that the appeals court had exceeded its authority by weighing the basic facts of the case—whether or not there was falsehood and malice—which is the responsibility of the trial court. Not so, concluded Stevens for the majority, ruling in effect that First Amendment guarantees of free speech are so important

that appellate courts' right of review in such cases should not be limited to just legal issues. Judges, wrote Stevens, "must exercise such review in order to preserve the precious liberties established and ordained by the Constitution." As for the appellate court decision in the Consumers Union case, he wrote: "We agree with the Court of Appeals that the difference between hearing violin sounds move around the room and hearing them wander back and forth fits easily within the breathing space that gives life to the First Amendment."

Consumers Union's victory has cost several hundred thousand dollars in legal fees. Even so, if the Consumers Union decision helps weed out libel actions of little merit, the public interest will have been served. Said Consumers Union Executive Director Rhoda Karparkin: "Our determination to go to the wall on this case rather than settle it anywhere along the way has been vindicated." —By Janice Castro. Reported by Anne Constable/Washington and Raji Sanghabadi/New York

Bad Show

The FCC's Fowler vs. TV news

As television critics go, Federal Communications Commission Chairman Mark Fowler has always been a booster. In his role as the Reagan Administration's point man for broadcasting deregulation, Fowler has argued for three years that unleashing the industry was the surest way to guarantee quality in programming. Thus there were gasps in the audience when Fowler mounted the podium last week at the National Association of Broadcasters annual convention in Las Vegas and let fly with some sharp rebukes for TV newscasters. "Too often, broadcast journalists are obsessed with getting it first, with confrontation, not coverage," said Fowler. Televised news, he declared, sometimes looks "like Barnum & Bailey."

Fowler said later that in questioning the fairness of TV news he was merely reflecting "grumbings around the country." In particular, Fowler criticized news programs for showing President Reagan relaxing at his California ranch last September while a voice-over described the Soviet destruction of Korean Air Lines Flight 007. He also singled out NBC Correspondent Roger Mudd for a needling interview of Senator Gary Hart in March. "Is it political reporting worthy of Edward R. Murrow or Walter Cronkite," Fowler wondered, "to ask a presidential contender, during the first serious public scrutiny of his candidacy, to do a comedy impression of Ted Kennedy during a live, election-night interview?" No one had an answer. All three networks declined to comment on the sayings of Chairman Mark. ■

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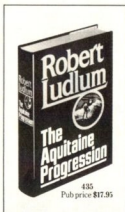
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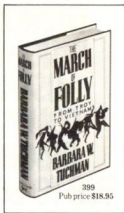
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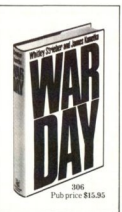
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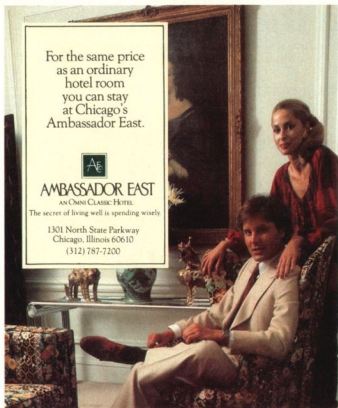


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People



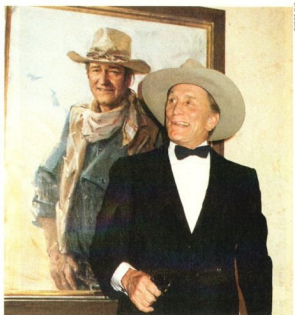
Arab ire: Hawn in *Protocol*

"Washington, D.C., has the best characters in the world," bubbles **Goldie Hawn**, 38, who was filming *Protocol* in the capital, where she also grew up. Goldie plays a cocktail waitress who through a hilarious (it says here) series of events becomes a State Department protocol officer. Not amused, however, was the American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee. Some extras who answered a casting call for "Arab-looking" types started a protest after seeing the script, which satirizes the kaffiyeh-clad emissaries of a mythical Middle Eastern kingdom. Worry about adverse publicity led Executive Producer Hawn and the film's other bosses to agree to consider eliminating some of the

more offensive material. Isn't that what protocol is all about?

This cowboy was born Issur Danielovitch in upstate New York. His parents were from Russia. And, he says, "I never rode a horse unless they paid me." But in America, anything is possible. So to honor his work in such films as *Gunfight at the O.K. Corral* and his own favorite, *Lonely Are the Brave*, the Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City inducted **Kirk Douglas**, 67, as its newest celluloid cowpoke, joining the legendary likes of **John Wayne**. The Duke might have been amused. After Douglas portrayed the eccentric painter Vincent Van Gogh, Wayne asked him, "Why did you play that weak, sniveling character?" Replied Douglas: "I'm an actor." Warned the Duke: "Yeah, well, don't let me catch you playing a role like that again."

Their repertory includes such come-again classics as *Big Bottom*, *Intravenous de Milo* and *The Sun Never Sweats*. Until recently, the only way a fan could hear them was by buying a ticket to *This Is Spinal Tap*, a mock rockumentary that chronicles the exploits of a fictitious heavy-metal band. The group called Spinal Tap was only a joke, created for the film by Director **Rob (All in the Family) Reiner**, 39, and its three main members, played by Writer-Comedians **Harry Shearer**, 40, **Christopher Guest**, 36, and **Michael McKean**, 36,



With the Duke looking on, Douglas enters the Cowboy Hall of Fame

The movie has been such a stomping success, however, that the boys have decided to take their act on the real rock road. They appeared on *Saturday Night Live* last week. Is the band surprised to find life imitating art? "Not really," explains Shearer. "After all, our antics aren't stranger than anyone else's."

"Here's to the substance beneath the surface. To the true color of the spirit rather than the color of the package." A noble sentiment, certainly. But when the speaker is **Joan Collins**, 50, one cannot help

wondering: Is her television alter ego, **Alexis Carrington**, merely engaging once again in deceitful discourse for the sake of her own naughty ends? Not this time. The scene is from *Blondes vs Brunettes*, an ABC-TV special to be aired next week, which features TV's brunette queen **meanie**, **Collins**, and **Morgan Fairchild**, 34, a blond TV vixen. In one skit they also played sweet post-60 grandmothers who toast each other over tea. Amid the treacle, it is reassuring to remember that the two *femmes fatales* still have plenty of that good old delicious malicious left in them.

—By Guy D. Garcia



Mind over metal: Shearer, McKean and Guest as Spinal Tap



Tea for two: Collins and Fairchild in *Blondes vs Brunettes*

Show Business



"My strongest personality trait is the way I keep unsettling my life when most other people are settling down."

COVER STORY

The Best Year Of Her Lives

Shirley MacLaine, at 50, is still a rising star

It gets applause, even gasps, night after night. It is a simple chorus-girl kick, the torso tilting back for balance, the long, long left leg surging straight up above the head. But it is also an emblem—of a career that has gone everywhere, yet still draws its inspiration and discipline from dance, of a body that at mid-century is still supple and streamlined and sure-footed. It is a kick of jubilation, of pride, perhaps of defiance. And of beauty.

Last year, on her 49th birthday, Shirley MacLaine wanted to be alone with her dreams. She trekked up into the Rockies near Cripple Creek, Colo., and wished—or "projected," as she puts it—that during the next year, the film she was making, *Terms of Endearment*, would win an Oscar, and so would she; that her book on spiritualism, *Out on a Limb*, would become a bestseller; that a revamped version of her nightclub act would score a hit on Broadway. Anything can look possible to a woman who once danced an entire ballet on a broken ankle. But that almost greedy welter of ambitions might have seemed outlandish if it had been voiced in public by an actress whose early glory had faded in bad films and a scatter-shot ca-

reer and who had said that politics or travel or a search for self-awareness meant as much to her as performing.

On her 50th birthday, Shirley MacLaine was in New York City, and she attended festivities all day long. Her publisher, Bantam Books, celebrated the climb of *Out on a Limb* to the top spot on the New York Times paperback-best-sellers list. At the 1,992-seat Gershwin Theater, where *Shirley MacLaine on Broadway* is grossing \$475,000 a week, a house record, another bash was thrown by the show's producers. They had heard the star telling an interviewer that the only thing she had never done was to ride an elephant. So when MacLaine arrived at the theater, she was caught by surprise, and nuzzled, by Targa, queen of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus. The pachyderm obligingly knelt to help MacLaine aboard—"She was so sweet and kind," the star said—though Targa also unfurled her trunk and snatched up most of MacLaine's chocolate birthday cake. Perhaps the most exuberant event was the Broadway song and dance itself. MacLaine showed off her Joshua's-trumpet voice, her 50-year-old legs—"25 each," one appreciative observer remarked—and an appendage that has





been with her so often of late that it has come to seem a part of her, the at-long-last Oscar that she won for *Endearment*.

What a difference a year makes: Shirley the Survivor has become Shirley the Superstar. The aging sprite has ripened into the overpowering character actress. The unfocused dilettante has been redefined as the Renaissance woman. The lovable kook with the carefree sex life and oddball ideas has been transmuted into a role model of a self-possessed, successful woman at 50. Shirley MacLaine, who always attracted affection, now commands respect. Her triumph is proof of the power of positive thinking—and action. MacLaine is lean, fit, happier and more attractive than ever. She has worked hard to keep limber physically and mentally, and she welcomes the birthday that saddens so many people: "I love the idea of 50, because the best is yet to come. I am going to live to be 100, because I want to, and I am going to go on learning." In a quiet moment, she says simply, "This has been the best year of my life."

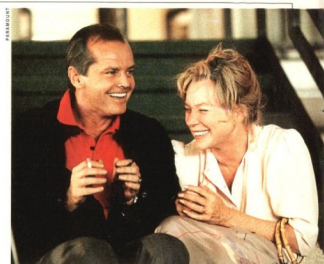
Or, perhaps, of her lives. MacLaine is not only actress, dancer, author, traveler, political activist, feminist, ex-wife and deliberately unmotherly mother. She is also, she says, "a former prostitute, my own daughter's daughter, and a male court jester who was beheaded by Louis XV of France"—all in past incarnations that she believes she has rediscovered with the aid of mediums, meditation and, in at least one case, acupuncture. Friends and former lovers have tried to persuade her to keep quiet about these prior existences, and about her faith in extraterrestrial intelligence, "out-of-body experiences" and telepathy. But proclaiming those beliefs is just the latest step in a life devoted to taking risks and alleviating what MacLaine calls "a loneliness for myself."

That relentless quest for self-knowledge has led her to the Masai tribe of Africa, the mountaintop villagers of Bhutan, the Indians of Peru, often on the spur of the moment. She explains, "I would make a beeline out of the country in any effort to find myself. I would clarify my value system by plunging into a different one." She regarded her career at times as a nuisance. "I was most interested in working out my own identity, and the characters I played took away from that," she says. "Now that I am happier, my desire for travel is ebbing—instead, I go into a room and contemplate a flower."

Even in this period of greater peace within herself, MacLaine says, the one constant in her life is change: "My strongest personality trait is the way I keep unsettling my life when most other people are settling down." Romance is sacrificed to her fervor for growth: "I have mostly used relationships to learn, and when that process is over, so is the relationship." Friends and especially lovers can find her exhausting because she peppers them with endless questions, shifts moods in a matter of seconds and demands that everyone keeps up with her.

WHILE FILMING
TERMS OF
ENDEARMENT

"This movie was the most loving and tearing professional experience I have ever had."



She admits, "My biggest goal right now is to avoid being judgmental. But I am intolerant of people who don't move at my pace." Says Journalist Pete Hamill, with whom she lived for almost seven years: "I don't think of Shirley as a person who relaxes." Another former lover, Soviet Director Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky (*Siberiade*) observes, "Shirley is a missile with self-correction of trajectory and a powerful engine. If you get in her way, she doesn't explode, she just goes through, and maybe you'll have a hole."

MacLaine is a personality of intense contradictions. She is annoyed at being called a workaholic, which by any ordinary measure she is. She bristles at having been known for years as "kooky," although she made no effort to hide her defiance of convention. She says that she welcomes aging, but likes to be photographed from above, because she considers it "prettier." She is a shrewd businesswoman, with a net worth, according to a close associate, of more than \$15 million, but professes to know virtually nothing of her finances, not even whether she has a percentage of the profits from *Endearment*. (She does.) She prides herself on being attentive, and almost all her friends tell stories of some remarkably decent

gesture. Yet she is also capable of casual rudeness. Hamill describes her as "nicer these days. But for a while she abused weak targets. She had 19 secretaries come and go." She still likes to feed herself out of serving bowls, using serving utensils, apparently without a thought for the hygiene of the other people in the room. For all her years of searching, she does not present a consistent image of herself: she insists that she is shy, lazy and "made for a mountaintop," but explains her frenzied schedule by saying, "I just have to do other things, I don't know why."

The song on Broadway is an anthem of optimism, for those happy to leave the past behind. "Now." The word pulsates, over and over, to the rhythm of Marvin Hamlisch's brassy tune. From MacLaine it reverberates to the back of the theater as a boast, a cheer and, in her mind, a Zen-like prayer to live by: let the bygone be bygone, savor the present, and allow the future to take care of itself.

It takes a special presence, and perhaps an unusual life story, to sustain a one-person show. Lena Horne did it for more than a year on Broadway by describing her travails as a black actress



confronting Hollywood racism. Peggy Lee closed, five nights after the opening, with her reminiscence about losing stardom and finding religion. Kaye Ballard lasted ten unprofitable weeks off-Broadway this spring with a lively yet sometimes bitter recollection of her decades-long struggle to impress her mother. Compared with them, MacLaine is at a disadvantage: she has little suffering to recall. Indeed, she says, "In my mind, nothing really bad has ever happened to me."

The entertainment that she conceived—in classic show-business fashion, over lunch at the Russian Tea Room with Hamlich and Lyricist Christopher Adler—has a spritz of autobiography, a soupçon of her movie roles, a dusting of philosophy and a big dollop of dancing. Virtually every word of dialogue MacLaine speaks is about herself, and that is just as she intends it: "Philosophically, celebrating myself is what I am into." Apart from her one-liners, there is one highly effective if overlong joke: she sings a Harold Arlen medley while the conductor and orchestra, supposedly influenced by the ghosts of George and Ira Gershwin, for whom the theater is named, keep bursting in with Gershwin themes. MacLaine manages to find a

wistful, slightly torchy quality in one unlikely number, *If I Only Had a Brain* from *The Wizard of Oz*. For the rest of the evening, however, she pounds out lyrics clearly, but at pile-driver pace, denying herself the time to think out loud about what they mean.

The same frenetic style serves her much better as a dancer. Her timing and placement are precise, and she uses her body with humor (sitting on the floor and wiggling backward out of a cancan skirt), sexual invitation (in the bumps and grinds of a vulgar parody of some black choreography), and grace (in the irregular, Twyla Tharpish movements created for her by Director-Choreographer Alan Johnston). She highlights the dances' meaning with a panoply of facial expressions: she may be the best mugger since Lucille Ball.

She shrugs out of one costume and into another—and, seemingly just as easily, out of one character and into another, making the quick succession of monologues from three of her movies look easy. She tells the audience that she has always worked from the outside in, discovering how a character dresses and moves and only then who the character is. But in In the Movies, the plaintive song that threads together the

scenes, she admits, "The part that you're playing won't leave you alone."

She used to be almost indifferent to the Oscar. She was often far better than the scripts of her 39 movies, but that was not always enough to make a performance memorable. Then came *Terms of Endearment*. Aurora Greenway was the part of a lifetime, and also a trap. Says MacLaine: "Aurora was an impossible, demanding, smothering, self-indulgent woman who made me laugh a lot. I adored her directness, her lack of self-censorship and her capacity to grow."

Still, to many people the character was unsympathetic—monstrous or, worse, ridiculous. The cancer-ridden daughter, played by Debra Winger, would get most of the sympathy, and Jack Nicholson's breezy, boozey ex-astronaut would get most of the laughs. Even more perilous for an actress past 40, Aurora had to age, painfully, gracelessly. Unlike stars who demand that the camera flatter them, the vibrant MacLaine made herself look ravaged, the neglected ruin of a beauty.

MacLaine's style on-screen has always been bold, even overreaching. When she played a pathetic yet appealing doormat in *Some Came Running*, the role that

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Show Business

first earned her an Oscar nomination, in 1958, *TIME called the performance "brilliant overacting." The same could be said of her Aurora, a woman whose funniest line—"Why should I be happy about being a grandmother?"—is screeched at the pitch and volume of a train whistle. Yet the performance is subtly detailed. In a romantic scene with Nicholson, for example, MacLaine softly taps her chest with her balled hand. The gesture signals rather than spontaneously expresses Aurora's sentimentality—because, MacLaine explains, the character is not at ease with her body. The model for Aurora, she adds, was the late Martha Mitchell, wife of former Attorney General John Mitchell: "I had met her on the same book-flogging tour. She was an American heroine, correct and courageous, but with levels of instability—at dinner one night, we changed tables seven times." MacLaine believes that Mitchell's spirit was with her as she made the film. Says she: "If I ran into any problems, I would call on her, 'Hey, Martha, help me out.'"

*Others were for roles in *The Apartment* in 1960, *Irna La Douce* in 1963 and *The Turning Point* in 1977, and for producing a 1975 documentary, *The Other Half of the Sky: A China Memoir*.

The atmosphere on the set was uneasy. Director James Brooks, making his first film, derailed MacLaine just before shooting started by informing her, after two years of having her develop the character as a Texan with a thick Southern accent, that Aurora was instead a native of Boston. Says MacLaine: "I went into mild hysteria. That one change meant she would have to have a different makeup, a different wardrobe. I asked questions about Aurora's history that were never answered." Adds MacLaine, with a lilt of affection: "No one would call Jim soft." Brooks says, "Whenever you talk about someone special, you get into contradictions. Shirley is very set in her ways and at the same time very open. She is utterly free and utterly responsible. There is a chance she is a great woman."

Winger insisted on remaining in character off-camera as the troubled daughter, and therefore sparred repeatedly with MacLaine. Says Shirley: "Debra insisted that I, and her parents, call her by the character's name, Emma. I understood the torture that she was going through, but I just don't work that way. It misses the

point to say that we didn't get along: Debra tears herself apart. But then, this movie was the most loving and tearing professional experience I have ever had, and I think that goes for all of us." Winger voices decidedly mixed feelings about MacLaine. "Her favorite word for me is 'turbulent,' and you almost think she's going to put 'poor' in front of it. Shirley asks questions, and I am not sure that she doesn't already have the answers. We didn't hang out—as Aurora and Emma, we were the wrong twosome. The fact that she did Aurora is all that I care about."

MacLaine has said that Nicholson in *Five Easy Pieces* opened her to "informal" acting. For him, working with her proved wearing, if worthwhile. Says he: "Shirley is a question machine. She will ask questions into infinity on anything of anyone, of the director, of me, of the wall. When she is working, she gets that one elbow in the palm of her hand, and that fist with the thumbnail kind of clicking her teeth, and the eyes staring at you—you can almost watch the answer drop into some kind of compartment."

As serious as MacLaine has become about acting, she is still capable of taking on nothing parts in junk movies, as in her



ON PORCH OF HER HOME IN MALIBU

**"Performing belongs to everyone,
writing belongs just to me."**

The Other Star in the Family

A few hours before his sister Shirley MacLaine won her Oscar, Warren Beatty brought her a gift. Or, rather, he left it at the office of her agent and asked that it be given to her in the car on the way to the ceremony. When she opened it, she started to cry. She recalls, "It was the most caring present I have ever received—very complicated, with many parts, five of which I have figured out the meaning of. It took him months of thought to put it together." As she tells the story, she starts to sob again. Then she laughs. "I have asked Warren what the other parts mean, but he won't discuss anything personal. He is not incapable of reaching out, but he has to do it his way." On hearing that his sister is still so deeply touched by his gesture, Warren grins. "Well, she sent me something nice when I won the Oscar," he says. A moment later he grabs a spoon and gouges a symbolic boundary line across the table. "As for what goes on between Shirley and me," he says, "you can safely call it complicated."

It certainly seems to be. For MacLaine it is perhaps the most intense, enduring, unresolved and potentially explosive relationship in her life. She and Warren, who is three years younger, are intimate but often uneasy with each other. Says Warren: "Families are, after all, individual people, and manners were not invented for nothing." They have disagreed over Shirley's outspoken depiction



Together at a premiere in 1977

in her books of family matters—including their father's drinking and his views on race—that Warren feels may be misrepresented and better left unsaid. According to a friend, Shirley also outraged Warren a few years ago by making a joke about his love life on the Oscar telecast. They admire each other's work, though hints of what sounds like rivalry slip in. MacLaine says she often acted more like an older brother than a sister. Beatty chuckles. Says he: "I'm not going to run with that ball." Of their common craft, Shirley says wistfully, "Maybe I wanted him to need me more than he did." Warren says of her book *Out on a Limb*: "My film *Heaven Can Wait* was sort of a precursor of what she wrote."

As children, Shirley and Warren were together a great deal. "We went to the movies all the time," he says, "and she was also quite an athlete." Yet they have sharply differing recollections. Shirley depicts her father and mother as conservative and conventional. Warren contends that his parents were implicitly liberal on many matters, and that they raised him and Shirley with "a good, healthy, early feminist point of view." Warren says it was apparent when Shirley was 16 or 17 that she would succeed in show business, and her swift rise was an influence in his choosing a performing career. When his parents took Warren, then 17, to see Shirley in *Pajama Game*, he recalls, "I just thought she was wonderful. The realization seemed to come to her in that show that she was more interesting than her techniques as a dancer, about which she had always had a lot of anxieties. She discovered that she could depend on her talent, intelligence and sense of humor and could do anything she wanted."

Warren praises the on-screen Shirley because "she never came on, even before the feminist revolution took hold, with a lot of fake, superficial, coy, frilly sugar." Asked to recall a moment when he was especially proud of her, he describes seeing her onstage in Las Vegas. "It was during the period when we were both political activists, and we were not particularly close then. The last time I had seen her, she had let herself go physically. Suddenly—sudden to me, anyway—she was in spectacular condition, with an energy and vitality that I was moved by because she had worked so hard for it." He praises Shirley's writing too: "Whether or not you agree with some of the things she comes up with, she is very impressive with all her questions."

In recent years, the two have been struggling to sustain an entente, if not a complete understanding of each other. Describing how he and Shirley deal with each other, Warren speaks haltingly, and in neutral, abstract words, but with a voice full of feeling: "There are some people whom you have in life who have the capacity for real, passionate commitment to something, and sometimes you may be passionately committed to the same thing. You have to treasure these relationships, and if at times a relationship runs onto rocky shoals, you have to treat yourselves as small Eastern European countries and exchange ambassadors. You have to keep that capacity for commitment alive."

startle days. After *Terms of Endearment* she made *Cannonball II*, a Burt Reynolds car-racing farce to be released this June, "because I wanted to work again with my friends, including Dean Martin, Frank Sinatra and Sammy Davis Jr." Admits MacLaine: "I never even read the script; I only know my scenes. It would not be on the top of my list of brilliant career moves." Future possibilities include *Baja Oklahoma*, from a novel by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Writer Dan Jenkins, in which she would play a barmaid and songwriter, and, perhaps, a resurrection of her long-planned film biography of Aviator Amelia Earhart. She complains, "I am being shown everything there is for a woman between 32 and 60, but the scripts just are not that great. There is a big problem with women's roles."

Her flashing legs momentarily at rest, she recalls how she went to ballet class as a three-year-old because her ankles were wobbly when she walked. The audience ripples with soft laughter at a common bond of mundane experience when MacLaine recalls that she started at the Julia Mildred Harper School of Ballet in Richmond, Virginia. "In her first performance, Apples for the Teacher, she dropped the apple.

From the start, hers was a life of rebellion. The household that produced Shirley MacLaine and her equally famous younger brother Warren Beatty was, she says, "typical, don't-rock-the-boat, vanilla, middle-class Wasp." Their father, Ira Beatty, now 81, was the principal of their grade school, then ended up selling real estate. Their mother, Kathryn, 81, dabbled in the arts. Says MacLaine: "My parents never fulfilled their creative potential. I grew up surrounded by anxiety and disappointment. Both of them craved attention, and inside the house was, on a subtle level, a vaudeville act. It is no wonder that Warren and I went into show business." Shirley recalls that she and her brother were well behaved at home, scamps once they got past the confines of the yard. "We used to empty garbage pails on people's front porches," she says. "I was a tomboy until I realized that getting punched in the boobs didn't feel too good."

But she never stopped studying dance, and her first heartbreak in life came when she grew too tall for the title role in the Washington School of Ballet production of *Cinderella*. On the advice of her teachers, Shirley at 16 shifted to musical comedy and traveled to New York City where she tried out for a production of *Oklahoma!* that toured the boroughs. She was cast as the center postcard girl in the ballet by a director who addressed her as, "Hey! You with the legs."

At summer's end, Composer Richard Rodgers and Lyricist Oscar Hammerstein offered her a job in the show's London production, but her father talked her into coming home to finish school. Two years later, in 1952, she moved back to Manhattan and was hired to perform in an indus-

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trial show for Serval appliances (on tour through the South, she prouetted around an ice maker) and then for the Broadway chorus of *Me and Juliet*.

Barely 20, working as the understudy to Carol Haney in *Pajama Game*, she had her chance to live the theater's most enduring legend: Haney was injured, and MacLaine went out a chorus girl and came back a star. Producer Hal Wallis was in the audience the night MacLaine first stepped in and soon signed her to a multiyear movie contract. Within months she had been cast in her first picture, Alfred Hitchcock's *The Trouble with Harry* (now playing around the country in rerelease). By 1969 she was one of Hollywood's highest paid stars, commanding a salary of \$800,000 or more a picture.

Shirley at first reacted to her fame with delight and a little panic: "I felt I needed protection, some grounding." In 1954 she married a fellow actor and would-be producer, Steve Parker. She was 20, he 32. They moved from New York to Los Angeles—a city that Parker detests to this day—and the marriage had troubles almost from the start. "Shirley had this drive, this push," Parker recalls. "She didn't want to be surrounded by a white picket fence. I would be wanting to putter around in the kitchen, and she wanted to be at the studio." Says MacLaine: "Steve was very supportive, but he just didn't want to be known as Mr. MacLaine. From day one, he talked of going to Japan, where he had spent some time."

After a year, Parker left for Tokyo, where he produced shows and movies (he is now a businessman there), and Shirley came on visits. Their daughter, Stephanie Sachiko, was born in 1956. According to MacLaine, she and Parker had an understanding that each was free to have other relationships; indeed, for a time in the '70s, she tried "promiscuity—sex for sex's sake—because I believed it would be liberating for women, who had been subjected to a double standard. But there was just not enough communication." MacLaine "gradually came to think of Steve as an old friend, not a husband." MacLaine has acknowledged that she remained Parker's wife until a 1982 divorce in part to keep herself from marrying again. Says he: "I don't think we could have stayed together for 30 years any other way. Shirley is a free soul who must have her run."

Sachi lived with her mother until she was six, then with her father until she was twelve; thereafter, she was in boarding schools, and the family would reunite for vacations. MacLaine characterizes her daughter's birth as "an accident," and says she "never" considered having another child. She adds: "I never really embraced the label motherhood. I choose to call it personhood... Sachi and I are very close persons to each other. I let her grow up; she knows that anything she does is O.K. with me. We were so close it wasn't necessary to be together all the time." That closeness appears real: Sachi, now 27, lives most of

the time at her mother's house in Malibu, and joined Shirley during her Broadway run. They may share a career: Sachi appears as a waitress in a Burt Reynolds comedy thriller, *Stick*, to be released in August, and, says Shirley, "I am looking for a picture in which I can star with her."

Although she arrived in Hollywood with only a high school education, and was soon caught up in the self-absorbed film world, MacLaine was eager to broaden her horizons. With the Hollywood Rat Pack she frolicked at the fringe of President Kennedy's Camelot. Then the civil rights movement confronted the racism that she remembered from her Southern girlhood, and she shipped off to Issaquena County, Miss., to stay with black families, facing insults and threats on the street. She joined in the Viet Nam War protest, and noisily campaigned for Robert Ken-

glass of orange juice sprinkled with bran. Then a six-mile hike straight up, followed by weight-lifting for 30 to 45 minutes, and calisthenics for an hour and a half. Lunch is half a bean and a leaf, if you're lucky. After lunch, rest or massage, then a dynamic-tension class in the pool, a six-mile hike straight up, jogging for three miles, another calisthenics class. We can barely lift the half a cup of soup for dinner." The Ashram has been a force in MacLaine's life far beyond exercise and nutrition: it was, she says, "a catalyst" in leading her to believe in "karmic consciousness" and reincarnation.

It is an old joke, a vaudeville joke, but it fits a performer who is known to have searched for wisdom. MacLaine describes, to her Broadway audiences, step by step, a trek into the Himalayas, led by emissaries



AT HER 50TH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION WITH DAUGHTER SACHI

"I let her grow up; she knows that anything she does is O.K. with me. We were so close it wasn't necessary to be together all the time."

nedly in 1968, and, full time for 18 months, for George McGovern four years later. Says McGovern: "She was in there slugging it out until the bitter end." Months after the U.S. reopened relations with China in 1972, she accepted an invitation from the Peking government to lead (and, it turned out, finance) the first delegation of American women; she came back an admirer of Chairman Mao's revolution. She did not appear in a feature film for almost five years between 1972 and 1977.

Although her brother Warren thought that Shirley might choose to leave show business permanently for politics, MacLaine instead turned from mass movements to inner exploration. In 1974 she submitted to the disciplines of the Ashram, a California retreat near MacLaine's home. A six-day stay costs \$1,300; even for MacLaine, who sometimes exercises as much as three hours a morning, the routine is arduous. Says she: "We get up at 5:30 to do hatha-yoga—body postures and breathing techniques. For breakfast, a

from a far-off holy man. At last she reaches him, asks for his guidance, and hears his mystical reply: "Life is just a bowl of cherries. The audience laughs and applauds, and from some corners there is a faint sigh of what sounds like relief that there has been no weighty message, no preaching."

Most major stars have a book in them, and with the aid of a ghostwriter, they coax it out. MacLaine, writing without help (although she is extensively edited) has produced three already, and is at work on another. The first, *Don't Fall Off the Mountain*, (1970), was part career review, part travelogue, with flashes of mysticism. She followed this bestseller with *You Can Get There from Here* (1975), a reflection on her political activities and her tour of China that struck some critics as naive; it sold less well. MacLaine's biggest success as an author is the 1983 *Out on a Limb*: 176,000 copies were printed in hard-cover and about 1.2 million in paperback. A TV network is negotiating for

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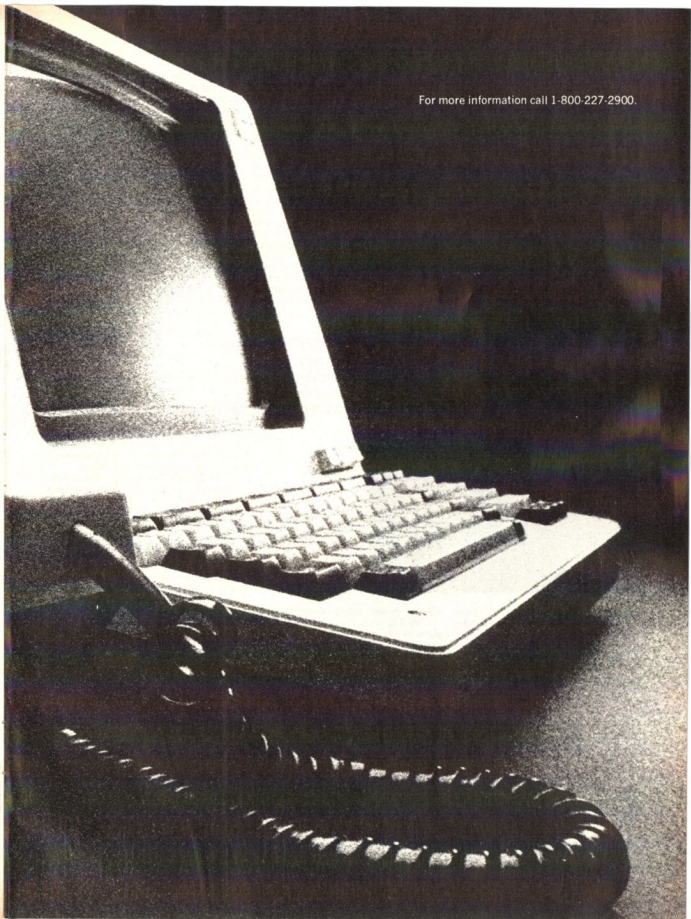
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Show Business

a mini-series in which she would star.

The impressionistic, slapdash storytelling is in part about MacLaine's affair with a married politician, camouflaged as a British M.P. but speculated, depending on the continent, to be former Australian Foreign Minister Andrew Peacock or former Swedish Prime Minister Olof Palme. The romance, however, is secondary to the book's mixed bag of metaphysics. MacLaine asserts that Jesus Christ developed mystical powers during years of study among holy men in India. She contends that "trance mediums" have enabled her to recall past lives. Although she privately acknowledges that she encountered a number of frauds, the book's exuberant tone suggests that almost any spiritual visionary, from William Blake to Edgar Cayce, can win her wholehearted faith.

MacLaine concedes that one of the

using yellow legal pads when she heard that Richard Nixon does). She jots down passages at odd hours, even between takes on a movie set. Her catch-as-catch-can methodology is reflected in the narratives, which jump somewhat randomly in time and space but have an appealing emotional immediacy. MacLaine's style is chatty and at times endearingly naive: her theme is that of the wide-eyed innocent discovering the wonders of the world. She never sounds jaded. Perhaps the most striking quality in her books is their appearance of utter frankness, about her lovers, her family and herself. On Shirley's 50th birthday, her mother developed a clot on her lung; Shirley went down to visit three days later and took mental notes on their conversation for future use. Says she: "I have decided that my next book will be about my parents. I want to get her at this moment so it

East Side. The furniture there is mostly old and relatively inexpensive. The objects in the living room—oriental *bibelots*, a taxidermist-mounted dove given to her by Fidel Castro, a pillow embroidered with the slogan LEAVE ME ALONE, I'M HAVING A CRISIS—are all chosen, MacLaine says, for their sentimental associations, not beauty. Says MacLaine: "I did all the decorating myself, here and in Malibu. The style there is 'early accumulation'—heavy redwood furniture that will still be around after the earthquake comes. I like to make my surroundings comfortable for a man, and for me—I am a big woman (5 ft. 7 in., 134 lbs.), with broad, sprawling movements. Neatness has never been paramount, and to sit in a room of white curtains and satin upholstery is not my idea of home."

In truth, MacLaine's idea of home is a sound stage, or a rehearsal hall, or an airplane, or anywhere she can write. Her work may differ from year to year—she calls herself "a communicator"—but work in some form comes first. And she is prepared to suffer for it. For years, she had stage fright so acute that she would go through a show, step by step, in her sleep every night. Her feet are so sensitive that she changes shoes three or four times a day to vary the pressure points. Yet in rehearsals she dances until she has blisters, and for a TV special she recorded take after take until she collapsed in Konchalovsky's arms, her feet covered with blood.

In a sense, her search—the travels, the psychic exploration—may have been to serve her craft. "Talent," says MacLaine, "is sweat and knowing yourself, and I feel that mine is increasing with the years." Dancer Chita Rivera, a friend since the 1950s, says, "Shirley has worked on her spirit, and that gets her legs up." Perhaps MacLaine's hard-won inner peace is the reason that her public career is at its peak. Says Shirley: "I used to be addicted to overcoming things. Now, my goal is to get out of my own way." Konchalovsky offers a convincing appraisal of what may be her greatest gift: "There are very few performers who can be convincingly happy on-screen, but Shirley radiates happiness. She is a clown, a genius of a clown. In every part in which she was fantastic, there was a combination of sentimentality and fun, a Charlie Chaplin cocktail. You can learn techniques, you can learn how to cry real tears. But you cannot learn how to radiate."

Aglow with joy and vitality, grimacing and grinning like a pretty Huck Finn, the star leaps into the song-and-dance number that has been a theme song. She is stepping, she is prancing, she is getting her kicks. Her voice rides on the air, chanting a refrain, meant to be self-mocking, that her personality transforms into a cry of triumph. "Nobody," she sings, "no, nobody does it like me!" —By William A. Henry III

Reported by Elaine Dutka/New York and Denise Worrell/Los Angeles



TAKING A BOW ON BROADWAY

"This has been the best year of my life."

reasons she has had no major romantic involvement "for a while" is that she "would have to find a man who shared my spiritual beliefs." Hamill bluntly dismisses these beliefs as "intellectually ridiculous." Says he: "Shirley always has had a tendency to go cosmic on small evidence, to start with the general and find specifics to buttress her belief. She doesn't read very much." He speculates that her fascination with the spirit may, like her past absorption with politics and travel, turn out to be "a phase that she will exhaust, in the same way an actor exhausts a part." Says Shirley: "I have thought of that."

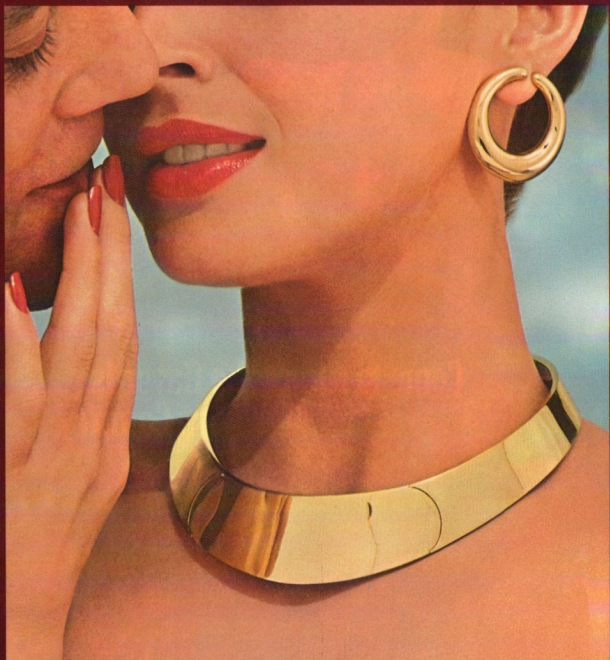
If there is a core identity to MacLaine these days, it seems not to be that she is a spiritualist, or an actress, but that she is a writer. Says Shirley: "I couldn't give up writing. Performing belongs to everyone, writing belongs just to me." Her books start as manuscripts of up to 5,000 pages, and she is constantly gathering material or disgorging it into notebooks (she stopped

will be etched in my heart for life."

MacLaine's earnest intensity is balanced by a keen sense of humor and an unpretentious, often puckish approach to life. Dean Martin calls her "the world's best laughter" and has traded practical jokes with her for years. Konchalovsky says, "Shirley likes to play, to throw you in the water or to make a small device that falls on your head so something spills all over you." She has childlike fears: lightning and Chinese firecrackers. Until lately, she prided herself on being able to walk down the street unrecognized, if she chose, simply by changing the proud dancer's way she carries herself, and she has few of the airs of a star. She prefers taxis to limousines. She generally flies coach. At hotels, she books a room, not a suite.

MacLaine has three residences: a beach-front apartment building in Malibu that she built as an investment, a hideaway in Washington State with panoramic views of Mount Rainier and a comfortably cluttered apartment on Manhattan's

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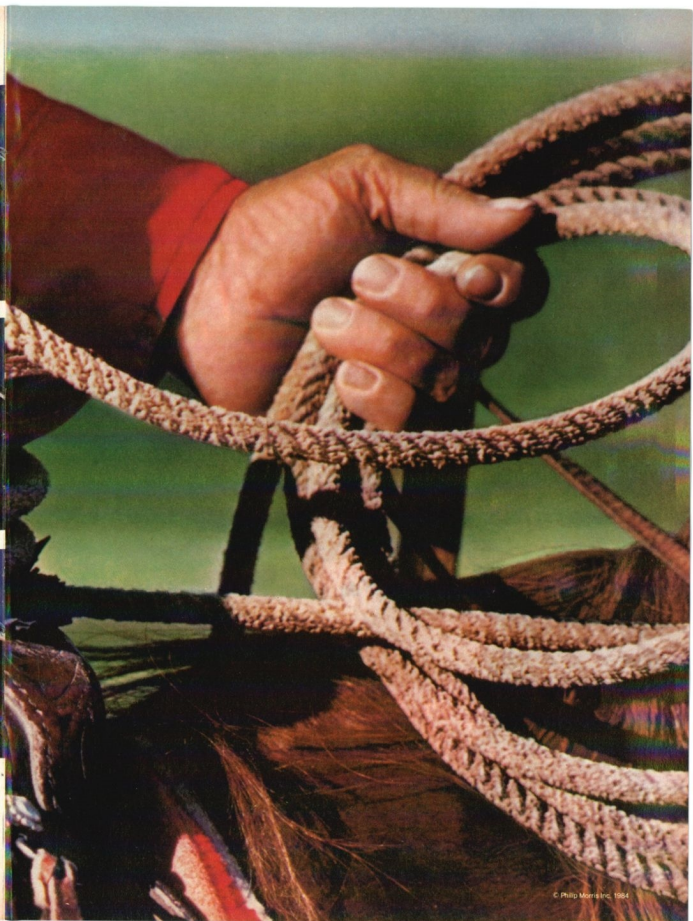
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Theater



La Grande Jatte on Broadway: making trees and boats appear with a wave of inspiration

Sondheim Connects the Dots

SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE Music and Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim; Book by James Lapine

A century ago, when he began painting *A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte*, Georges Seurat froze a score of weekend strollers into pointillist immortality. Now they are posed on a Broadway stage, thawing into something like life. The matron on the right, with the bustle and the chained monkey? She is the artist's mistress, Dot (Bernadette Peters), pretty as a picture but not quite so still; she would rather be at the Follies. See the white bundle a man at the rear is holding? That is the infant daughter of Dot and the artist; she will grow up in America, and in Act II her grandson George, a sculptor, will take a journey of self-discovery back to his roots on this island in the Seine.

And where is Seurat (Mandy Patinkin)? Everywhere. Finishing a hat, making trees and boats appear with a wave of inspiration, forsaking his mistress and their child to remain faithful to the only dots that matter: those in his painting. "I am not hiding behind my canvas," he declares. "I am living in it." Only he could live there, where the emotional chaos of life can be made as ordered and harmonious as a green thought in a green shade.

Seurat was the wayward child of impressionism. Renoir and Sisley might seek to catch life on the fly; he would aspire to stasis. Their voluptuous brushstrokes were too imprecise, too sensational for this artist-scientist. Seurat worked dot by meticulous dot, woodpeckering the canvas with pricks of color that would fuse into meaning in the spectator's eye. So it is with the sculptor in Act II of *Sunday in the Park with George*. This George composes bit by bit, or byte by byte. He has created a computerized sculpture, *Chromolume #7* (chromo-luminarism is an-

other critical term for Seurat's technique), that puts on a sound-and-light show at the flick of a switch. Soon he will fall through a visionary's looking glass into the past, to find art merging with dreams on an ordinary Sunday on La Grande Jatte.

Broadway audiences may have more trouble than George stepping into this austere, demanding concept. No high-kicking razzmatazz here; in fact, no choreography. No heart-pummeling sentiment; in fact, virtually no characters, as Author-Director James Lapine follows Seurat's lead and dehydrates his actors into cardboard stereotypes. Nor is there a surfeit of "humma-mamumma-mamumma-melodies." Stephen Sondheim's deviously witty phrase from his last show, *Merrily We Roll Along*. Sondheim long ago renounced such simple show-biz pleasures; neither Dot nor the audience gets to go to the Follies. This score is often doggedly mimetic, achieving its pointillist effects note by Johnny-one-note. Nearly every number begins with a staccato verse and chorus; it soars toward traditional musical passion only at midpoint, then withdraws into tart anticlimax. It takes a second or third hearing for ballads like *Finishing the Hat*, *Beautiful* and *Sunday* to betray subterranean seisms of feeling: ironic, wistful, profound, possessed. A heart beats under that starched shirt.

Few ensembles have surrendered themselves so gracefully to a show's design as Patinkin, Peters and the rest have here. And no recent musical has so steadfastly refused to ingratiate. *Sunday in the Park* stands before its audience like a chromolume, a cool, unblinking object. Only a closer look reveals it as a shapely object of art.

—By Richard Corliss

Anguished Aria

A MOON FOR THE MISBEGOTTEN
by Eugene O'Neill

Eugene O'Neill was, supremely, a vernacular poet who found his most haunting rhythms in the profoundly mixed emotions of his characters, his most memorably dissonant sonorities in the muddled motives with which they confront memory, fate and each other. *A Moon for the Misbegotten*, his last completed play, is structurally the simplest of the late great work. It is also perhaps the most anguished, because O'Neill was searching so hard for a ray of hope in the dawn that completes this long night's journey into day.

The playwright sometimes substituted repetition for inspiration in his prolonged dying fall. He could seem like a drunk at a party who makes the other guests linger while he tries to find the point of a tale that is too long in the telling. But in recounting how Josie Hogan (Kate Nelligan) and James Tyrone Jr. (Ian Bannen) live out their 18-hour love affair (all the way from reluctant acknowledgment that it exists to equally reluctant renunciations), O'Neill created one of his most moving statements about how reality and dreams betray each other.

Tyrone is a failed actor with a tragedian's soul and a Broadway tinhorn's compulsion for self-abasement in bad booze and worse sex. Josie, the daughter of his Connecticut tenant farmer, has adopted the manner of a slut in order to hide her Madonna's heart. Their tragedy is that their one night of (sexless) love comes too late. From it they achieve not redemption but a brief, bitter-sweet memory; not enough, one suspects, to light their separate darkening paths into the future.

For this Broadway revival, the usually cool Nelligan has turned up the heat to blistering levels. Raucous, tender and compelling, she is an astonishment, the perfect instrument for young English Director David Leveaux's energetic and often surprisingly humorous conception of the play. She is ably supported by grand, goatish Jerome Kilty as her ever scheming father, and there is an atmosphere of stark eloquence in Brien Vahey's set and in Marc B. Weiss's subtle lighting. Only Bannen lets down the side. He is an intelligent actor, but he never finds the fire in the ashes of his character. What should have been a duet is, as a result, too often an aria. But perfectly sung. —By Richard Schickel



Nelligan

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Sport

Swale on the Rail for the Roses

The "other horse" in Woody Stephens' barn takes the Derby

By Woody Stephens out of the hospital, a second-string horse, Swale, won the Kentucky Derby last week for Claiborne Farm and Trainer Stephens, for Mrs. A.B. Hancock Jr. and her son Seth, for the late Bull Hancock in a manner and for the lost Devil's Bag in a way. Throughout 109 prior Derbys, no healthy favorite had ever been scratched, but the Bag literally could not afford to lose. Syndicated for \$36 million as a two-year-old of monstrous breeding promise, he was dropped from destiny's consideration on the basis of a victory in the Derby trial that was not victorious enough. His training associate, Swale, Stephens' second favorite three-year-old,

Slew, Swale favors that great dark bay.

Laffit Pincay, Swale's jockey and Willie Shoemaker's idea of the best rider of the present day, had been second three times in the Derby, starting when Sham chased Secretariat eleven years ago. "I thought I was destined never to win it," he said. Sham had been Bull Hancock's best hope in Bluegrass history, died that year. He bred Derby winners, but never owned one. "It's about time," said a lovely woman with white hair, his widow.

Women were central figures in this Derby; it fizzed with equal opportunity. For the only time in 110 years, the pag-



Hitting the wire at Churchill Downs in 2 min. 2.4 sec.

Women were central figures, and one was a sure thing.

was left to carry on. He did so, by 3/4 lengths over a perfect stranger to everyone, Coax Me Chad.

Drama in several forms was centered at Claiborne, whose master, Seth Hancock, had been the syndicator of Devil's Bag. So he commended one horse but owned the other. As Devil's Bag's form was declining, Swale was winning the Florida Derby, and Hancock was caught between a frown and a smile. Meanwhile, Stephens fell ill from emphysema, compounded by a rib-rattling fall and exacerbated by the collapse of the special horse. "Devil's Bag just never found himself this year," murmured Stephens, 70, who was furloughed from the hospital to watch Swale in person. Looking small and wan, dappled old Woody said with the brave gleam of all winning trainers, "I thought he was a cinch, anyway." A son of 1977 Triple Crown Champion Seattle

eant involved a female owner, trainer, jockey, horse and Governor. A filly entry of Althea and Life's Magic was the 5-to-2 pick, Swale the 7-to-2 second choice. The No. 1 post position, while symbolic of Althea's place as the first filly favorite in 49 years, constituted no honor. Waiting for 19 other horses to be loaded in the gate is hardship enough for any thoroughbred. But where three-year-old males are blithely ignorant of sexual affairs, a filly is eligible to "horse" at any time, to become distracted by spring. Whatever Althea's excuse, she finished 19th. The lady rider, Patti Cooksey, brought So Vague home a deserving eleventh, just ahead of Biloxi Indian, trained and owned by Dianne Carpenter. One woman in the winner's circle was a certainty though. As she proudly pointed out, Governor Martha Layne Collins was the first of her sex to dispense the trophy. —By Tom Callahan



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Art

Revelation on 53rd Street

The Museum of Modern Art reopens after a \$55 million facelift

By last Friday, the "month of the red eyes" was drawing to its long-prayed-for close on Manhattan's West 53rd Street. The sculpture garden was a wilderness. White birches, still in transplantation shock, were leafing out but not in time; stacks of unset paving stones lay everywhere, amid mounds of builders' sand and the plastic-swaddled silhouettes of old friends: Rodin's *Balzac*, the art nouveau subway entrance, a giant Claes Oldenburg mouse. All through April the museum's governing triumvirate, consisting of its director, Richard Oldenburg, its chairman, William S. Paley of CBS, and its president, Blanchette Rockefeller, had been escort-

ing pods and squads of journalists up and down the cinder blocks, ducking the clusters of electrical cable and skipping over the air hoses, as though the chaos and lateness did not exist or were, in themselves, some kind of artwork. But by the end of the week, the Museum of Modern Art, a refurbished dame, was more or less pulled together: slip awry, flushed under the powder, panting somewhat, but ready for the preopening openings, the dinners, the disputes and the final arrival of the general public on May 17.

There is no fonder acronym in art than MOMA, as this 55-year-old institution has long been known. One cannot imag-

ine New York City, or modernism itself, without it. More than any other museum in the world, MOMA is identified with its subject and defines its history. It was not the intention of Alfred Barr (1902-1981), the first director and ideological shaper of the museum, to create a Louvre for something that seemed, in 1929, as vulnerable and problematic as modern art. Nevertheless, that was what happened. One cannot open a periodical without being told, yet again, that modernism is our institutional culture—a point both repetitive and inescapably true. Its official status was mostly confirmed, over the past half-century, by the steady, scholarly proselytizing of MOMA.

Before Barr, the idea of dedicating a whole museum to modernism as a culture, embracing design, photography, architecture and film, as well as painting and sculpture, had not emerged. At its origins, MOMA was intended as a constantly unfolding encyclopedia of the new. No institution can remain on that kind of cutting edge forever, and by the 1970s MOMA was muffled in its own success. All its departments had well-funded rivals in museums across the country. By 1980 modern art was an industry, involving hundreds of thousands of people. In the face of such expansion, MOMA became more preoccupied with being the guardian of a closing epoch. At the same time, the mass audience for modern art that it had helped create was causing problems that amounted, at times, to chaos.

SO MOMA had to expand. It also had to find a different financial base. Both these matters, when embodied in a plan that was made public in 1976, caused some lively controversy. To get more money, the museum came up with the idea of a 44-story tower of luxury apartments, an unprecedented step for a tax-exempt institution that, in the view of Architecture Critic Ada Louise Huxtable, proved "the most artful real estate deal ever devised." Reckoning in the six floors that constitute the base of the tower but belong to the museum, the exhibition space has now more than doubled, from 40,500 sq. ft. in the old building to 87,500 sq. ft. in the new. Circulation, conservation, storage, office space: all needed improvement and most have got it, at a total project cost of about \$55 million. The appointed architect was Cesar Pelli, dean of the School of Architecture at Yale. Construction began in 1980.

Radical though the changes have been, the word hardly applies to Pelli's design. When the original museum structure, by Philip Goodwin and Edward Durrell Stone, opened in 1939, the architectural tone of 53rd Street—and of midtown Manhattan in general—was set by brownstones, mansions and *beaux-arts* commercial buildings. It was a world of rich, plum-pudding surfaces. When

Doubling space without flexing muscles: Architect Pelli's garden escalator hall, with tower





Architectural classics: Wright and Le Corbusier models in the Philip Johnson Gallery



MOMA's trio: Oldenburg, Rockefeller, Paley

MOMA raised its polemic International Style façade of glass and polished marble, with those futuristic Swiss-cheese holes in the roof canopy, it looked apparitional. But now the context has shifted again. Thanks to the competitive urges of developers, the very idea of the glass tower has acquired a bluster it never had before; its epitome is the kind of boy-pharaoh glitziness favored by Donald Trump. One of the problems for MOMA, therefore, was how to preserve the lineaments of its original self—the Goodwin-Stone façade—while, on the one hand, maintaining a decent relationship with the surviving brownstone mix of 53rd Street and, on the other, giving the tower a properly snooty aesthetic distance from its more declarative midtown neighbors.

For this difficult task, Pelli proved an excellent choice. His signature material is glass, and he is one of the very few architects who can still squeeze some poetic drops from the overworked convention of

the curtain wall. Basically, he does this by playing down the frame of mullions and spandrels and emphasizing the wall's nature as a pictorial surface, a sheet filled with color patches and reflections. MOMA's street façades, sheathed in blue-gray and white glass, extend and echo the window bands of the 1939 façade on the lower floors; and when the tower takes off into the sky, it does so with a degree of sober deliberation—story by story, as it were, rather than in one big rush. Dividends have been wrung from Pelli's calm style. The new MOMA does not creak with intrusive imagery. It does not look like an airport, a temple, a constructivist factory, a tomb or a fortress, to cite the five most popular types of recent museum. And it is blissfully free of the kind of capricious, name-dropping revivalism, the coy and schematic quotes, that some critics number among the joys of postmodernism.

The only ostensible reference to another building in Pelli's design is perhaps the glass-sheathed escalator bank grafted onto the museum's north wall, overlooking the sculpture garden, which distantly recalls the glass escalator tube on the face of the Centre Pompidou in Paris. But whereas the Pompidou's tube is a mere people mover, MOMA's moving staircases work in a celebratory space, full of light and air. The view through the glass as one mounts and descends can only sharpen the pleasurable contrast between nature and culture that was the point of Philip Johnson's original garden design. The escalator bank is Pelli's main flourish. The galleries themselves are neutral, not Architecture with an A.

One of the strengths of the old MOMA was its feeling of intimacy. One could just stroll in off the street and look at some great art in a small room. There was none of the architectural muscle flexing that is conventionally meant to prepare its audience for a Major Experience. MOMA's staff, especially its director of painting and sculpture, William Rubin, put a very high priority on preserving this feeling in the new structure. It was, Rubin argues, a key element in the intentions of modernism itself. Relatively few "classical" mod-



Old favorites, new links: a roomful of Picassos



Commitment to aesthetic objects: the design gallery entrance

Art

ernist paintings—Picasso's *Guernica* being an obvious exception—were carried out with the sense of public declamation that suffuses the great machines of an earlier age. The natural direction of modern art was inward. Barr had no doubt about that, and his belief in the necessity of intimate rather than ceremonial encounter has been clearly transmitted from the old to the new museum.

The essence of MOMA is, of course, its permanent collection of painting and sculpture, which is the greatest of its kind in the world. The old building could show about 15% of it, or 600 works. Now Rubin puts its capacity at "upward of 800." More important than the simple gain in space, however, is the gain in historical clarity achieved through the rehanging.

Rubin is one of the world's most voluminously informed and tough-minded art historians. His approach to his specialty, the art of the 20th century, has an intimidating, Bismarck-like tread that induces a kind of resentful faintness in some of his colleagues. But nobody could accuse him of not thinking long and hard about whatever he scrutinizes, and he has been responsible for some of MOMA's curatorial masterpieces, including the 1980 Picasso retrospective and the 1977 show of late Cézanne. To rehang a collection like MOMA's—to make new neighbors and inflect old contexts—entails very great responsibilities, because so many of the paintings and sculptures are the classics, the test pieces and the beloved chestnuts of modernism.

This collection is the protein of our cultural imagination, so familiar that some of its contents (Van Gogh's *Starry Night*, Rousseau's *Sleeping Gypsy*, Picasso's *Les Femmes d'Alger*, Girl Before a Mirror and *Three Musicians*, Matisse's *Red Studio*—the list goes on and



Painting and Sculpture Director Rubin: a Bismarck-like tread
Clarifying modernism's test pieces and beloved chestnuts.

on) have acquired the amphibious durability of things that constantly renew themselves as masterpieces while expanding in mass consciousness as cliché. Like the Louvre, MOMA presents itself as a circular definition: it owns key works, and one of the reasons why they are considered key works is that it owns them. One does not shake this bucket lightly, but the marvelous thing about Rubin's rehanging is the confidence and discretion with which he has embedded fresh lines of thought between familiar images.

One among dozens of examples is his treatment of cubism. Every art student "knows" that cubism began with Picasso's convulsive image of 1907, *Les Femmes d'Alger*. But did it? And if it did, what connects the knitted, thoughtful, intricate surfaces of analytic cubism to the Dionysiac qualities of *Les Femmes*? If not, what did Picasso's coercive gesture really influence? Rubin's hanging of the cubist gallery suggests a direct line between the early work of Francis Picabia and *Les Femmes*, and argues that the violence of Picasso's isolated painting was one of the ingredients that got metabolized through Picabia, into Dadaism.

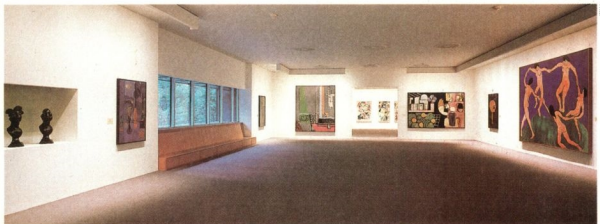
The new hanging not only sets up

fresh dialogues between one painting and another but also bathes even the most familiar images in a new clarity. MOMA's Mondrians have never looked fresher or more imbued with light. Its matchless Matisse's now constitute one of the great museum rooms of the Western world, a chapel of intense, astrigent sensation, wrought to the highest pitch of decorative intelligence. After such delectations it is a fairly sharp descent to the ground floor, where a huge survey show of 165 contemporary artists has been organized by the senior curator of painting and sculpture, Yvonne McShine. However uneven in quality, this survey at least signals MOMA's renewed intentions to

keep track of current painting and sculpture.

The revelations of the new arrangements are not confined to painting and sculpture. The Department of Architecture and Design, run by Arthur Drexler, has been rehoused in a sequence of displays that precisely sum up MOMA's commitment to the aesthetic object, to the design of the commonplace. From the Bell helicopter, green as a grasshopper, that dangles above the escalators to a set of ice-hockey masks glaring like Peruvian skulls from a wall, the material is superbly instructive. At the same time, the galleries offer a concise history of design from the roots of art nouveau to the offshoots of the early computer age, along with drawings by master architects and an excellent group of models of classic buildings of the 20th century. The star of these is a fanatical precise miniature of Frank Lloyd Wright's Falling Water house, 1936, which must have cost nearly as much to make (though in devalued dollars) as the original building.

Perhaps there are no second acts in American lives. But there are in American museums, and this one promises to be a triumphant success. —By Robert Hughes



The matchless Matisse gallery: a chapel of intense, astrigent sensation, wrought to the highest pitch of decorative intelligence



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Environment



The contaminated truck once sat in a compound behind a sign warning of radiation danger

Aftermath of a Nuclear Spill

An accident in Mexico exposes scores of people to radiation

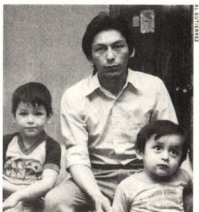
Victims are not usually culprits, but Vicente Sotelo is both. Sotelo, 29, unwittingly caused what some U.S. scientists are calling the worst nuclear accident ever in North America. As a result, he and 200 other residents of Ciudad Juárez, a Mexican town just across the Rio Grande from El Paso, are undergoing long-term tests for possible radiation poisoning, a condition that could result in genetic damage or cancer. Although Mexican authorities have been playing down the crisis, the people of Ciudad Juárez are the potential victims of exposure to dangerous levels of radiation.

The sequence of events that led to the disaster began last November. Sotelo, then a \$35-a-week hospital electrician with a family of three, took a milk bottle-size, stainless-steel canister from the hospital's warehouse. Sotelo says hospital administrators had given him permission to sell leftover utensils for scrap. He heaved the canister into the back of a hospital truck and hauled it to a local junkyard, where a dealer gave him \$10 for it. Unfortunately, Sotelo and the dealer were unaware that the canister was part of a radiography machine and contained a capsule that held approximately 6,000 pinhead pellets of cobalt 60, a powerful isotope used in the treatment of cancer. Later, at some undetermined point, the capsule in the canister broke open; hundreds of pellets were subsequently scattered throughout the truck and the junkyard. Even the junkyard's paperwork later proved to be radioactive. Many of the pellets in the dusty lot were pulverized and mixed up with the heaps of metal scrap.

Over the next two months, 20 junkyard workers were exposed to various lev-

els of radiation. According to doctors, at least four of these men received very high doses. Two of the four absorbed 100 times the maximum amount of gamma rays that U.S. nuclear workers are allowed to receive in an entire year. One of the pair has sore gums; the other suffered nosebleeds. Says one investigating doctor: "Their chances of developing cancer are probably pretty good." The junkyard laborers are not the only ones at risk. The heavily contaminated truck that Sotelo had driven sat idle for two months on a narrow street in the town's crowded Belavista neighborhood. (The vehicle was later removed to a compound near Juárez, and then to an isolated area 20 miles from the city.) "Children played on the truck," says Sotelo. "People would stand beside it, talking, and lean back on it."

The area of hazard grew even wider as



Sotelo and his two sons at home in Juárez

The long-term effects are a puzzle.

radioactive scrap from the junkyard was transported to two Mexican foundries, one in Ciudad Juárez, the other 220 miles south in Chihuahua. According to José Antonio Rotonda of the Mexican Nuclear Commission, radioactive pellets that had adhered to scraps in the truck fell off en route to Chihuahua, and eight pockets of contamination have been discovered between the two cities.

In a Ciudad Juárez foundry, the scrap was turned into table pedestals that were shipped across the border but later tracked down. U.S. officials say they are almost certain that all of the contaminated legs were returned to Mexico. In Chihuahua, the junkyard material was converted into steel reinforcing rods, and according to Mexican officials, about 500 tons of this hot steel were shipped to the U.S. The rods were used in the construction of at least two houses near Farmington, N. Mex., and the owners had to replace their radioactive foundations. An additional 3,500 tons of steel remained in Mexico. Thus far, 30 to 40 houses built with the contaminated metal have been found in four Mexican cities.

Many of the residents of Ciudad Juárez are both bewildered and resentful. Some citizens do not understand what radiation is. Notes Sotelo's wife Alicia: "Down at the laundry, people asked the owner to keep me from going in. They thought I had some sort of contagious disease." To complicate matters, Mexican authorities have been reluctant to tell those who may have been exposed to radiation what the consequences might be. Says Sotelo: "They've said it could have long-term effects, but they haven't said what those effects are."

Roberto Trevino, the technical secretary of Mexico's National Nuclear Safety and Safeguards Commission, stresses that "there is no danger now." Nonetheless, two technicians are still searching for radioactive material on the Chihuahua-Ciudad Juárez highway, and the U.S. Department of Energy has conducted an airborne scan of the contaminated areas. The accident is a symptom of a larger problem, insists Antonio Ponce, a representative of Mexico's Nuclear Workers Union. He charges that the nuclear commission has been lax in cracking down on firms that handle radioactive material carelessly. Responds Trevino: "Their accusations are unfounded. The commission has technically done what it could."

The U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission has also launched an inquiry into the incident. While the uncertainty lingers, Mexican engineers continue to clean up the junkyard, laboriously clearing away the top layer of soil. But not even such a thorough scouring will suffice to sweep away the fears of Sotelo and his neighbors. —By Richard Stengel. Reported by Matt Pritchard/Ciudad Juárez and Gall Seekamp/Mexico City

Computers

Cracking Down

Hackers face tough new laws

State and federal officials are trying to stem a rising tide of computer mischief. But they are finding it hard to make their punishments fit the crimes. Many of the best-publicized pranks have been committed by minors who are protected from the full force of the law. Moreover, the laws are often inadequate to deal with the complexities of the new technology. In March two members of Milwaukee's 414 Gang of computer whiz kids, which last summer broke into computers at the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center and the Los Alamos National Laboratory, pleaded guilty to misdemeanor



PHOTO COURTESY OF THE FBI AND FBI NEWS

charges of making obscene or harassing phone calls. Maximum sentence for each charge: six months in jail and a \$500 fine.

The trouble is that Wisconsin, like most states, is trying to fight 20th century crime with 19th century laws. Electronic mail, automatic funds-transfer systems and interlocking networks of high-speed computers are protected by legal concepts that were developed to safeguard paper documents. "In the old days, you needed a fast gun and a fast horse," says Richard Guilmette, manager of corporate security for Prime Computer. "Now you need fast fingers and a small computer."

In the absence of specific federal laws aimed at computer criminals, nearly two dozen states have passed a series of conflicting and ineffective statutes. "It's a terrible patchwork of law," says Don Parker, a computer-crime expert at SRI International. "Sometimes the results have been disastrous." According to a recent estimate, only one in 33 reported computer crimes results in a conviction.

Now, however, laws tailored to punish high-tech criminals are beginning to make their way onto the books. The Massachusetts legislature is considering a model measure, prepared with the help of local computer experts, that spells out crimes in precise technical terms and calls for tough penalties: for example, \$5,000 fines and up to a year in jail for hackers who crack security codes just for the fun of it, triple damages for persons found guilty of malicious tampering. The California legislature is considering a bill that would strengthen its pioneering computer-crime law, enacted in 1979, by stiffening penalties for browsing through a computer system without permission.

Most state laws are aimed at malefactors who use computers to commit such conventional crimes as robbery and embezzlement. The Massachusetts and California bills are directed primarily at computer trespassers and criminals who deal in data, not dollars. These misdeeds range from changing school grades to deleting invoices in stores and altering credit-rating information. Other data-based crimes involve the theft of mailing lists, which can be copied and then sold, and the pilfering of oil-company drilling results, which can be worth millions to a competing firm. Today on some computer networks, credit card numbers are traded like baseball cards, along with telephone codes that let people tie into computer systems all across the country without paying long-distance charges. Estimates of the cost of such crimes range from hundreds of millions to several billions of dollars each year.

Even when they can be traced, computer trespassing and data theft are particularly difficult to prosecute. Most states have no specific laws against breaking into computers via telephone lines or even deleting information stored within the machines. Says SRI's Parker: "If someone merely gained access to a computer and you could not prove malicious intent, he probably would not be prosecuted." Laws written years ago to deal with tangible property do not cover cases in which information is stolen from a computer data base, copied and then returned.

Some observers fear that youthful computer enthusiasts, discovering that their pranks are largely beyond the reach of existing laws, may be graduating from mischief to misfeasance. Ronald Austin, 20, a U.C.L.A. student who told the press last year that he had cracked a Defense Department computer network, was arraigned in Los Angeles last month. Caught with \$1,600 worth of illegally ordered airline tickets stashed under a rug, he is being charged under California's new laws with twelve counts of maliciously accessing a computer and one count of concealing stolen goods. Maximum sentence: nearly eight years and \$10,000 for each count.

—By Philip Elmer-DeWitt

Reported by Adam Cohen/Boston

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Computers

X-Rated

The joys of CompuSex

One of the more bizarre aspects of America's love affair with the personal computer is the growing popularity of CompuSex. This is a new form of erotic entertainment in which consenting computer owners exchange X-rated messages over the telephone lines. Anyone with a home computer can play, but the most active enthusiasts are found among the 110,000 subscribers of CompuServe, the country's largest computer network. "Eighteen months ago, it was mostly lighthearted flirting," says Dave Payton, a CompuServe regular from West Virginia. "Now people come out with all sorts of obscene propositions right on-line."

The action begins at 6 p.m., when CompuServe's rates drop from \$12 an hour to \$6, and is limited to the so-called CB channels, the computer version of Citizens Band radio. Each

week thousands tune in to CB to chat with other users, and many of them end up on Channel 1, the channel designated for adults. Sometimes 40 people will be on-line at once, their pseudonymous messages scrolling by on the screen faster than the eye can read. "I'm nibbling your earlobe," begins a typical come-on. Reply: "Not so hard!" Men, sporting such nicknames as "Conan the Librarian" and "Loverboy," outnumber women about 4 to 1, and anyone signing on as "Karen the Nymph" will be besieged with requests to /TALK. This is the command that allows two users to exchange intimacies in private. Couples who hit it off have traded phone numbers, photographs and, on at least five occasions, wedding bands. Tiresome swains can be cut off with a keystroke.

"It's a fascinating alternative to the normal courtship routine," says Andrew Schlein, a psychology Ph.D. who signs on as "Psydoc." He compares it to the experience of strangers thrown together in the cabin of an airplane, where closeness and anonymity allow an intimacy that might never happen in other circumstances.

Many computer buffs find these pleasures habit forming: about 200 CB users tune in every night. Others have trouble separating computer-mediated fantasy from reality. One 35-year-old woman grew so addicted to CompuSex that her husband walked out, complaining that she was neglecting him for her machine. She then hooked up with a series of on-line lovers who were either disappointing or disappointed when she met them in the flesh. Now, complaining that her life is a mess, she is organizing a support group for women having similar difficulties. ■



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Books

The Naysayer to Nihilism

HIM WITH HIS FOOT IN HIS MOUTH AND OTHER STORIES

by Saul Bellow; Harper & Row; 294 pages; \$15.95

A new book by Saul Bellow is an important event, and not only because he won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1976. That award merely confirmed what thousands of readers had decided years earlier: Bellow's fiction offers a look at life that is not only essential but is unique among his contemporaries. Bellow has been the most rigorous naysayer to nihilism of his era. He has never tried to hide the gloomy truths about modern life or gloss over all the sound reasons (starting or ending with Auschwitz) for a thinking person to despair. His most memorable characters (Herzog, Mr. Sammler, Henderson the Rain King) can list in sometimes comic detail all the symptoms of the decline of the West. Almost alone in serious contemporary fiction, though, Bellow's heroes think that a cure may be worth a try.

The author's vision has accommodated itself most comfortably in his nine novels; big questions take up lots of space. But the smaller scale displayed by the five stories in this collection does not noticeably cramp Bellow's style. The old energies and preoccupations, the querulous people and the rollicking backdrops are all here, at full intensity. There are simply more stops and starts.

In the title story, a megalomaniac writes a letter to a retired librarian, apologizing for an insult that the victim almost certainly does not remember. Small wonder. Some 35 years have passed since the young college teacher, raffishly sporting a baseball hat, walked by the library and encountered Miss Rose. She: "Oh, Dr. Shawmut, in that cap you look like an archaeologist." He: "And you look like something I just dug up." Herschel Shawmut has been reminded of his offense by a former friend, who has mailed him a blistering attack on what he was and what he has become: Shawmut the *poseur*, the TV huckster of musicology for the masses, the rich author of a popular textbook. The accused can dismiss these charges as spiteful, but he cannot deny that he is, nearing 70, a fugitive from U.S. justice hiding out in British Columbia. That, Miss Rose, is what he would really like to explain: it is a complicated and terribly funny story.

Shawmut is a member of Herzog's class: the pensive man driven to distraction or worse by the messy betrayals of life. *What Kind of Day Did You Have?* presents a mirror image of this condition. Victor Wulpy, 70, is "a world-class intellectual" who is trying to keep life at arm's



Saul Bellow: balancing images and abstractions

Excerpt

“ The traveling-celebrity bit was very tiring. You flew in and you were met at the airport by people you didn't know and who put you under a strain because they wanted to be memorable individually, catch your attention, ingratiate themselves, provoke, flatter—it all came to the same thing. Driving from the airport, you were locked in the car with them for nearly an hour. Then there were drinks—a cocktail hubbub. After four or five martinis you went in to dinner and were seated between two women, not always attractive. You had to remember their names, make conversation, give them equal time. You might as well be running for office, you had to shake so many hands. You ate your prime rib and drank wine, and before you had unfolded your speech on the lectern, you were already tuckered out. You shouldn't fight all this, said Victor; to fight it only tired you more. ”

length. He has "arranged his ideas in well-nigh final order: none of the weakness, none of the drift that made supposedly educated people contemptible."

Illness has shaken some of his certainties, and so has his affair with Katrina Goliger, a plumpish matron in Evanston, Ill., who divorced her art-collecting husband for the sake of the celebrated visiting lecturer. Victor's attempt to "explain Katrina's sexual drawing power" thwarts him. He phones her from Buffalo, where he is giving a talk, and asks her to meet him there the next morning; then they can fly back to Chicago together in time for another lecture that night. He has, of course, not considered her two young daughters or her vindictive ex-husband, who is eager to gain custody by proving maternal neglect. Katrina knows this about her lover: "You didn't pester him with your nonsense." She flies to Buffalo and complications of weather, emotions and intellect.

These first two stories make up half the book. The remaining three are sketchier and less complex. *Zetland: By a Character Witness* describes the rites of passage that take a studious Jewish boy from the South Side of Chicago to the bohemia of Greenwich Village. The last two tales are set firmly in the Windy City, where Bellow has spent much of his life, and examine modes of good behavior. In *A Silver Dish*, the death of his aged father sets Woody Selbst, 60, on a mental tour of his past. He remembers a vision he had when young: "God's idea was that this world should be a love world, that it should eventually recover and be entirely a world of love." Woody seems unconscious of how hard, in caring for his contentious relatives, he has tried to realize his dream. In *Cousins*, Ijah Brodsky also copes with family demands, out of a sense of destiny rather than duty. He too thinks love can make sense of the world: "Human absorption in faces, deeds, bodies, drew me towards metaphysical grounds."

That can be said and underlined about Ijah's creator. Bellow's ideas seem to spring from inspiring characters and inspired observation. For every abstraction, there is a colorful, counterbalancing image: "The diamonds on her bosom lay like the Finger Lakes among their hills . . . As a boy, Philip was very fat. We had to sleep together when we were children and it was like sharing the bed with a dung." These moments make Bellow's fiction abundant as well as wise. Faithful readers will welcome this book as an addendum, a chance to watch the old master fiddling with themes and variations. The uninitiated may find this the best possible introduction to Bellow's tumultuous world.

—By Paul Gray

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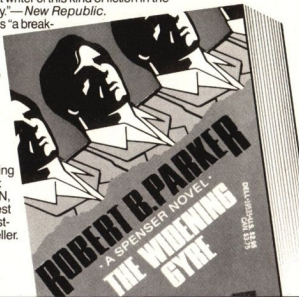
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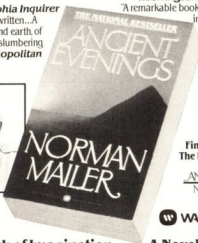
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Books

Triangle

H.G. WELLS: ASPECTS OF A LIFE

by Anthony West

Random House; 405 pages; \$22.95

They met in the fall of 1912. He was 46, married, a prolific author of verve and renown. She was 19, single and unknown. When their affair ended ten years later, three people had been wounded beyond measure or retribution. But it was not for want of trying. In his day, H.G. Wells railed against his ungrateful mistress Rebecca West. She in turn portrayed herself as the suffering Other Woman, forced to bring up their illegitimate son, Anthony West, on a restricted income. Now, at the age of 69, Anthony has weighed in.




BY JOHN H. HARRIS



H.G. Wells (ca. 1895); inset, Rebecca West
Acute observation and a wild paranoia.

It is not the first time. In 1955, West described his unhappy early life in *Heritage*, an autobiography masked as a novel. Rebecca West (1892-1983) blocked its publication in England, and in a new introduction to a paperback reissue of *Heritage*, the author bitterly recalls "my mother's passionate desire to do me harm." Given this bias, one could hardly expect a dispassionate recollection of times past. But *H.G. Wells: Aspects of a Life* is more than the defense of a neglected author. It is a kind of intellectual's *Mommie Dearest*, a serious chronicle that uses Rebecca West as a counterweight to raise the reputation of her lover.

In the biographer's view, Herbert George Wells (1866-1946) was a genius with a powerful physical presence. His foresight, combined with a generous, romantic spirit, made him irresistible to women and children and, indeed, to much of the reading public. Rebecca West, by contrast, was a woman of sharp beauty,



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"wit, acute observation . . . and a wild paranoia." Through the ten years of their romance, she tells friends of various humiliations: Wells ignores her, he suffers from fits of maniacal rage, he becomes childishly dependent. But the author says, "I cannot believe a word . . . they are inventions," and then goes on to document "what my father was doing in the real world, as opposed to that of my mother's fantasy."

That strategy is only partly successful, since West prefers the exaggerated phrase. His father is "a very big man indeed." As for Wells' opponents, Henry James is charged with literary dictatorship and George Bernard Shaw with "Stalinism." And yet the author's praise is not entirely fulsome. Prophetic fiction owes its very existence to Wells. He was, as Joseph Conrad wrote, a "realist of the fantastic." In *The World Set Free*, he predicted the atom bomb; in *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, organ transplants; in *The War of*



Anthony West

Wounded beyond retribution.

the Worlds, laser beams. Wells also produced a vast body of nonfiction, capped by *The Outline of History*, an almost hysterically optimistic attempt to trace mankind's ascent from darkness to a science-aided summit far from the present day. Like most of Wells' work, it was a monumental bestseller in its own time, and is almost unread today.

Why should the writer of some 50 celebrated books have suffered such a reversal? For one thing, although West refuses to acknowledge it, Wells was not in the same league as his colleagues James and Shaw. For another, science has far outrun imagination—even Wells'. As for his popular histories, they have long since been superseded by works that use evidence instead of fancy. But all this is irrelevant to the biographer. To him the alterations of time and taste are as nothing compared with the depredations of Rebecca West.

The former Cicely Fairfield nourished acting ambitions long before she became a writer, and her son argues that Rebecca never quite left the stage. The brilliant reporter (*Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*, *A Train of Powder*) melodramatized every personal slight, and when she found that she could not have Wells to

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Paul Kaplan

Books

herself, she decided, West contends, "to pull down his literary reputation" with *ad hominem* attacks and accusations that he had turned publishers against her. In 1928, "Wells gave her a very short answer to these charges," says the author. "She was lying, and she knew it as well as he did. The correspondence was abruptly over."

But the conflict remains. Nearly four decades after the writer's death, *H.G. Wells* amply demonstrates that in domestic wars as in wider ones, truth is often the first casualty. For in the end, despite all of West's approbations, H.G. Wells seems a monument, not a man, and Rebecca West appears as an overdrawn termagant, rather than an authentic human being who must have suffered innumerable hurts of her own. The only entirely credible figure is Anthony West—when he appears as the damaged son. In the part of chronicler he is sadly though understandably miscast. In their times, his parents predicted and covered many events. But it is unlikely that they ever saw themselves in their present roles, as the main characters in a new permutation of *Rashomon*. —By Stefan Kanfer

Survivors

WE THE VICTORS

by Curtis Bill Pepper

Doubleday; 322 pages; \$17.95

LIFE AND DEATH ON 10 WEST

by Eric Lax

Times Books; 267 pages; \$14.95

As Critic Susan Sontag has pointed out, cancer unjustly serves as a metaphor for the monstrosities of our age. In human discourse, it is the epithet for all that is demonic, mysterious and implacable in the experience of man and society. Given this aura of dread, these two serious books of medical popularization—the first is subtitled *The Inspiring Stories of People Who Conquered Cancer and How They Did It*, the second is an account of a pioneering leukemia treatment—represent significant acts of demystification.

By dispensing the good tidings of ever more effective treatment, both books serve to dispel the paralyzing terror that the very word cancer engenders. As Curtis Bill Pepper points out, for early detection people must shed their fears sufficiently to go for routine cancer checkups. Once a diagnosis of malignancy has been made, the afflicted may have to take aggressive action. This could involve collisions between the patient and his family doctor and a tough-minded struggle for an appointment with an appropriate oncologist at one of the "comprehensive cancer centers" such as New York City's Memorial Sloan-Kettering and the Dana-Farber Cancer Institute in Boston.

The patient may be obliged to assume this responsibility, says Pepper, because "there is no other area of medicine with so

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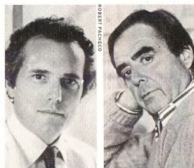


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Books

great a gap between daily practice and the theoretical possibility of available treatment." Many doctors who do not specialize in cancer fail to keep up with the latest treatment strategies and often lack the connections needed for speedy referral to a cancer center. Some subscribe to the principle "let them die in peace," thus discouraging patients from seeking care that may prolong their lives.

An attentive and compassionate listener, Pepper has constructed his book around interviews with former cancer patients at Memorial. These survivors offer considerable testimony of bad or even potentially fatal medical advice proffered by the physicians they saw first. Estelle Marsicano was scoffed at by her family doctor. "My liver is large too—want to feel it?" he asked. When John Alexion consulted a prominent urologist about his prostate cancer, the patient recalled, "the elderly doctor proceeded to lay a bomb on me. The only procedure he would consider was surgical castration and radical re-



Eric Lax **Curtis Bill Pepper**

Significant acts of demystification.

moval of the prostate. I thought, 'Jesus... they're going to turn me into a 6-ft. eunuch!' " At Memorial, however, a surgeon decided on an experimental procedure: inserting capsules of radioactive iodine into Alexion's prostate instead of removing the gland. It worked.

For his book *Life and Death on 10 West*, Eric Lax ventures to the other side of the consulting room. Working with physicians, Lax explains the complexities of a radical bone-marrow transplant technique that is now proving 50% effective in treating some types of leukemia. The result is a model of medical writing for the layman. The astonishing procedure, used by Dr. Robert Gale and his colleagues at the U.C.L.A. Medical Center, is described with uncommon clarity, as is the ordeal of a young woman whose cancer was obliterated but who later died of another disease. More neutral and less self-consciously uplifting than Pepper's book, *Life and Death on 10 West* often strikes at the heart and informs the intellect with more force than *We the Victors*. Both works, however, have splendidly succeeded in substituting the human reality for the demonic metaphor.

—By Patricia Blake

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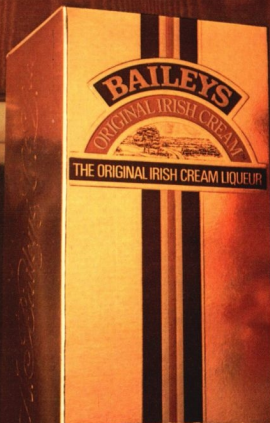
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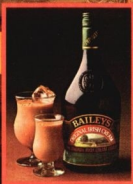
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Cinema

Swinging for the Fences

THE NATURAL Directed by Barry Levinson
Screenplay by Roger Towne and Phil Dusenberry

In myth, baseball is a circle of light in a world increasingly darkened by corruption. It is a clean, green place that absorbs, preserves and reflects back upon us, through the heroically magnified deeds of its adepts, the purity with which, as children open to and eager for enchantment, we first encountered it. This game is a mind game, an ideal, and one that seems an almost lost legend for which people nowadays mourn, as they do for many things that graced a more leisurely and miraculous time. But baseball is also a reality, a game played by ungrammatical men who, like most people, have grown up without necessarily growing wise. They chew tobacco, indulge in alcoholic beverages and do not always fend off the groupies with the fervor expected of moral exemplars.

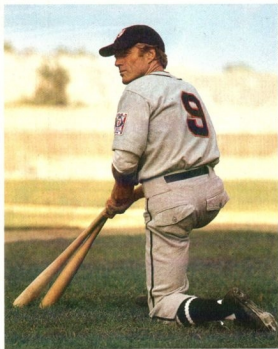
In all the literature that the sport has inspired, it is Bernard Malamud who best combined the mythic and the realistic streams of America's baseball consciousness. *The Natural*, published in 1952, reads as if Ring Lardner and Sir Thomas Malory had simultaneously invaded Malamud's sensibility, joining their gifts to produce an almost flawless first novel.

His tale was of Roy Hobbs, a ballplayer possessed of a talent and an innocence that could only have their sources in the supernatural. In Malamud's baseball world, like Malory's Arthurian one, men are ever the victims; it is women who have the power to make them betray their best selves as well as the ability to inspire them to redemptive glory. In Roy's case, all unknowing on the eve of his big league tryout, he answers a mysterious woman's summons to her hotel room where she shoots him (with a silver bullet, no less).

Still unaware of the forces playing about him, he achieves the illusion of redemption through 15 years of back-roads wanderings, false heroic regeneration by using his magic bat as a kind of Excalibur, leading the aptly named New York Knights on a charge out of the league cellar toward the pennant. But he becomes a true hero to modernist eyes only when, ambiguously but courageously (and with a good woman's help), he achieves awareness of what his life and adventures mean. In literary circles this is known as coming to consciousness; in the on-deck circle it is known as growing up.

It is easy to see why the notion of

adapting this story has tempted movie-makers for three decades. Hollywood's self-referential myths, far more than baseball's, revolve around the seduction and betrayal of the innocent. But now that the deed is done, it is equally easy to see how this material can lead even the most conscientious and respectful writers and directors astray. The problem is that the true life of this novel, for all the bustling melodrama of its surface, is inward; its highest pleasures are to be found in the silence it maintains about its deepest



Robert Redford waiting to take his cuts in *The Natural*
Caught in a rindown between the mythic and the realistic.

thoughts. It tips these only in a descriptive fragment here, a line of laconic, often funny dialogue there. It is perfectly possible to read the novel and enjoy it as if it had been written by that best of boys' book writers, John R. Tunis.

Up to a point Director Barry Levinson (*Diner*) seems to understand all this. His actors assuredly do. As Hobbs, Robert Redford has never been better. The good lines are in his face now, and they reflect experience knowingly squinted at. A lefty who moves like the ballplayer he once wanted to be, he has, like all the truly great movie stars, the ability to appear as if he has transcended acting and can now simply behave a part like this. Robert Duvall,

as the sportswriter-cartoonist who thinks truth is to be found only in facts, plays crudeness with enormous subtlety, and Glenn Close provides similar service by hinting at the complexity inherent in what is often referred to as simple goodness. No actors have played the dry wisdom of age with more youthful juiciness than Wilford Brimley and Richard Farnsworth as the skipper and the coach of the Knights. The rest of the cast, and the brilliant production designers as well, have also found their ways to emulate Malamud's disciplined illusionism, hewing to a realistic line and letting the mythic chips fly (seemingly) where they may.

It is, however, the curse of the aesthetically aware that they must (a) demote the quality they most highly prize in themselves and (b) make sure those they fear may be sleeping in the back of the class catch their drift. Therefore Malamud's intricate ending (it is a victory that looks like a defeat) is vulgarized (the victory is now an unambiguous triumph, fireworks included). But long before that, all the linkages between far-flung people and events, which the novel was content to leave looking coincidental, have been neatly knotted, so that watching this movie is all too often like reading about *The Natural* in the College Outline series. Its academic air is further thickened by the visual style Levinson has adopted for it. Backlighting and diffused light, shadows, silhouettes and slow motion, all the camera tricks that signify a departure from ordinary movie realism and the presence of symbolic meaning in a shot, are indiscriminately, even promiscuously thrown at the audience. Quiet everybody! The professor is interrupting for us. And even when he is just outlining the plot, Levinson is illustrating it with slides that look like Hopper paintings and Farm Security Administration photographs, while imitation Copland burbles out of the phonograph in the corner. Yes, the material is mythic. But it is an American myth, Bub, and don't you forget it.

The Natural prompts some thoughts about the difference between a creative and an interpretive artist. In his youthful strength Malamud could stride up to his material looking free and easy and swing away at it. Hoping for a single, he was probably as surprised as anyone when he hit one out of the park. Following him, Levinson must have felt he had to swing for the fences. He can be forgiven for choking up with all *The Natural*'s fans looking on dubiously. In fairness, the official scorer must credit him with a single. And Redford with an RBI.

—By Richard Schickel

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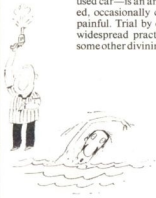


Essay

The Appeal of Ordeal

William Butler Yeats tells of Icelandic peasants who found a skull in a cemetery and suspected it might be that of the poet Egill. "Its great thickness made them feel certain it was," he writes, but "to be doubly sure they put it on a wall and hit it hard blows with a hammer." When it did not break, "they were convinced that it was in truth the skull of the poet and worth of every honor."

The human propensity to test the worthiness of a thing by seeing how well it stands up to abuse—the instinct to kick the tires on a used car—is an ancient and, if Yeats is to be trusted, occasionally charming habit. It can also be painful. Trial by ordeal, the venerable and once widespread practice by which fire or poison or some other divining element is used to determine a



person's guilt or innocence, is the kick-to-test instinct applied to living subjects. It used to be a popular method for deciding whether or not someone was a witch, perhaps because what the practice lacked in fairness (the ancient Hindus tied a bag of cayenne pepper around the head of an accused witch, and suffocation was the only proof of innocence) it made up for in finality.

We have come a long way since those dark days. Or have we? We no longer pick our witches or our poets this way, but that is because moderns have little interest in either. When it comes to things they are interested in—doctors, lawyers, Presidents—they have replaced skull-bashing and suffocation with more subtle ordeals. Aspiring doctors must first survive the pressure cooker of a sleepless year of internship, aspiring lawyers the cut-throat paper chase of first-year law school. And those who aspire to the most exalted title of all, President, are required to traverse a campaign trail of Homeric peril. Its length is ludicrous: three years for any serious candidate; its requirements absurd: giving up privacy, often family and almost always a job ("You have to be unemployed to run for President," says Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker, who leaves the Senate in January and is pondering a run for the presidency in 1988); and its purpose obscure: posing with funny hats has, on the face of it, little to do with the subject at hand, namely, governing.

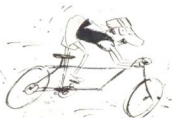
The ritual seems strange. Things just aren't done that way any more. Not even in Chad, where ten years ago President Ngarta Tombalbaye ordered all high government officials to undergo Yondo, a sometimes fatal initiation ritual combining physical abuse (e.g., flogging, mock burial) with ingeniously gruesome tests of stamina (e.g., crawling naked through a nest of termites). For his pains, Tombalbaye was assassinated within a year, and his people danced in the streets. Americans bear their burdens with better humor. They show no inclination to deal nearly so decisively with, say, the Hubert Humphrey test of presidential toughness. Humphrey once questioned whether Walter Mondale had the "fire in the belly" to run for President, a charge so serious that to meet it Mr. Mondale had to submit to a three-year diet of rubber chicken

and occasional crow. Mondale may have other political liabilities, but the absence of a burning belly is no longer one of them.

There is only one point to these trials: to humble. The imposed, often improbable ordeal is a form of payment, dues demanded of people who are about to be rewarded with high position. It is a form of democratic practice, laying low the mighty before we bestow upon them their prestige and power. It is, as an Icelandic peasant might see it, poetic justice.

But what of the ordeal not mandated by others? How to understand the current passion for the self-imposed, the recreational ordeal? A marathon, after all, is a voluntary thing, and for 99.9% of the 95,000 Americans who run marathons every year, there is nothing awaiting them at the finish line except a blanket and bottled oxygen. Yet the marathon has become so commonplace that a new sport had to be created: the triathlon, a monstrous composite of three consecutive marathons (swimming, biking and running a total of often a hundred miles or more). And now the upper classes have taken the fun indoors. A few years ago the rage was a new sport had to be created: the triathlon, a monstrous composite of three consecutive marathons (swimming, biking and running a total of often a hundred miles or more). And now the upper classes have taken the fun indoors. A few years ago the rage was *Napoleon*, a silent film 4½ hours long. Then came the stage production of *Nicholas Nickleby*, 9½ hours, including snack-and-comfort breaks. Now we're up to 15½ hours with Fassbinder's *Berlin Alexanderplatz*, shown in either five, two or occasionally one grand sitting of "sheer exhilarating length" (Vincent Canby, *New York Times*)—and subtitles.

To be sure, the self-inflicted ordeal was not invented yesterday. The 1920s had marathon dancing, and the *Guinness Book of World Records* is full of champion oyster eaters and Hula-Hoopers. But such activities used to be recognized as exotic, the province of the down-and-out or the eccentric. The 24-hour underwater Parcheesi game was for slightly nutty college freshmen. Running 26 miles at a shot was for the most hardened athlete, preferably a barefoot Ethiopian. Nowadays, a 26-mile run is Sunday afternoon recreation, an alternative to a day at the beach or on the lawn mower.



As for evening recreation, Fassbinder's epic is so popular that the *Wall Street Journal* dubbed it "the *Flashdance* of the intelligentsia."

What's new is not the odd individual who rows the Atlantic lefthanded while eating only salted peanuts, nor the collegians perched atop flagpoles for reasons still unknown. It is the midday, mainstream, Main Street marathoner. The modern wonder is to be found on America's heartbeat hills, where it has become impossible to drive without running across (and nearly over) at least one bedraggled jogger drenched in sweat and close to collapse, the very picture of agony. Why do we do it?

The participants will tell you that they go to marathon movies for culture. They run for health. They spend 48 consecutive hours locked in a Holiday Inn ballroom in enforced communion with complete strangers and call it therapy. (Sartre had another word for it: he once wrote a play based on the convincing premise that hell was being locked into a room forever with other people.) But surely there are less trying ways to acquire culture, health or psychological succor.

There are, but the ordeal offers as a



Essay

bonus two very chic commodities. One is survivorship, the highest achievement of the modern self-celebratory ethic, best exemplified by the I-SURVIVED-THE-BLIZZARD-OF-'77 T shirt. Survivorship, however, is capriciously doled out. Not everyone can live in Buffalo or have a Malibu beach house obliterated by



it is there" has become "Because I am here."

Like the ancients, moderns believe that one can learn about something by subjecting it to the ultimate test: beat the skull, and find the poet. Only today we insist on beating our own skulls, and not quite for the pleasure of stopping.

Why, then? The prestige of survivorship and the hunger for learning experiences are only partial explanations. The somewhat misanthropic economist Thorstein Veblen described the larger phenomenon. He hypothesized a new kind of good, demand for which, contrary to economic law and common sense, *increases* with price. In the end, the recreational ordeal is just the latest example of a Veblenesque status good, periodically invented for the amusement and prestige of the leisured classes. Now that everyone can afford status items like designer jeans, conspicuous consumption gives way to conspicuous exertion. Sheer exhilarating length becomes a value in itself. And the triathlon comes to represent, to quote a winner of the Hawaiian Ironman race (2.4-mile ocean swim, 112-mile bike ride, 26.2-mile marathon run), "the ultimate expression of the Southern California life-style."

The other modern good greatly in demand is the learning experience. Ordeal is a great teacher. A group of adventure-some souls staged an unbelievable race on New York's Randall's Island last year: a six-day run, the winner being the person who could traverse the most ground and survive. The race was run around an oval track, subjecting the runners not only to blisters, dehydration and shin splints, but to the overwhelming ennui of unchanging scenery. When reporters swarmed around the runners to ask why they did it, many replied that they had learned a lot about themselves. They never said exactly what it was they learned, but they seemed satisfied that it was important. "Because

Which is why, outside a cluster of easeful lands, the recreational ordeal is not wildly popular. In America, people run for fun. In Beirut, they run for their lives. People there listen not for the starter's gun, but for the sniper's. In some parts of the world, when a man runs 26 miles it's because he's come from Marathon and he's strictly on business.

—By Charles Krauthammer

Milestones

EXPECTING. *Pia Zadora*, 28, sex-kitten actress (next movie: a sci-fi musical comedy, *Voyage of the Rock Aliens*); and **Meshulam Riklis**, 60, her industrialist husband of 6½ years and her biggest fan and promoter: their first child (he has three children by previous marriages); in December.

DIED. *Rodrigo Lara Bonilla*, 40, Colombia's Minister of Justice; by assassination, when two gunmen on a motorcycle pulled up to his car and shot him eight times with a machine gun; in Bogotá. The first Colombian law-enforcement boss to wage a vigorous campaign against his country's powerful drug traffickers, Lara refused to wear a bulletproof jacket despite death threats. One of the two hitmen died immediately when the motorcycle crashed; the other, captured minutes later, claimed that "everything was arranged in Medellín," center of Colombia's \$5 billion-a-year drug trade. After the killing, the government changed an earlier stance and announced that it would extradite accused Colombian drug kingpins to face charges in the U.S.

DIED. *Diana Dors*, 52, Britain's platinum-blond bombshell who was endlessly touted in the 1950s as her country's answer to Marilyn Monroe; of cancer; in Windsor, England. Like Monroe, Dors had brains and talent, but was wasted in a spate of Hollywood clunkers (*I Married a Woman*) before being dropped by RKO. She retained Britons' affection, however, and

even after ballooning to Wagnerian-soprano proportions played comic and character parts in theater and TV.

DIED. *Jack Barry*, 66, smooth founding father, producer and host of TV game shows, whose many creations included *Concentration*, *The Joker's Wild* and *Nic Tac Dough*; of a heart attack; in New York City. By 1958 he had four popular quiz shows on TV, among them the super-hit *Twenty One*, with \$129,000 Winner Charles Van Doren. Then investigations revealed Van Doren and other contestants had been coached. The resulting scandal wiped quiz shows, and Barry, off the air for years until he came back from near penury with *Joker* and others.

DIED. *Kevin Lynch*, 66, pioneering urban theorist who, in such books as *The Image of the City* (1960) and *Site Planning* (1962), studied the structure and diversity of cities, analyzed how residents perceived and organized that diversity, and suggested ways to improve the coherence and vividness of landmarks and open spaces to give city dwellers a sense of place and direction; of a heart attack; in Gay Head, Mass.

DIED. *Alan Schneider*, 66, consummate stage director best known for his productions of plays by Samuel Beckett, Edward Albee and Harold Pinter; of brain injuries received when he was hit by a motorcycle; in London. Schneider was noted for his

exacting fidelity to even the most complex script, as he worked to transmit the inner truth of a play rather than impose on it any other vision. He crusaded particularly for Beckett, and his productions of *Waiting for Godot*, *Endgame* and *Krapp's Last Tape*, among others, profoundly influenced the course of modern theater. Also closely associated with Albee, Schneider won a 1962 Tony Award for directing *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* Throughout his career, he resisted any single approach to theater, alternating between commercial and workshop projects, Broadway and regional stages, avant-garde and conventional plays. He once professed disappointment at not directing more classics, but then observed, "A number of the plays I directed when they were new have turned out to be classics. If one didn't get to do *King Lear*, *Endgame*, after all, comes close."

DIED. *Gordon Jenkins*, 73, pop-music arranger and conductor whose shimmering, swirling string backgrounds enhanced the performances, on records and TV, of such stars as Judy Garland, Peggy Lee and Frank Sinatra; of amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (commonly known as Lou Gehrig's disease); in Malibu, Calif. Pianist Jenkins started composing and arranging with the Swing Era's big bands, wrote Benny Goodman's closing theme, *Good-bye*, and won a Grammy Award for his stylish 1965 arrangement of Sinatra's *It Was a Very Good Year*.



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